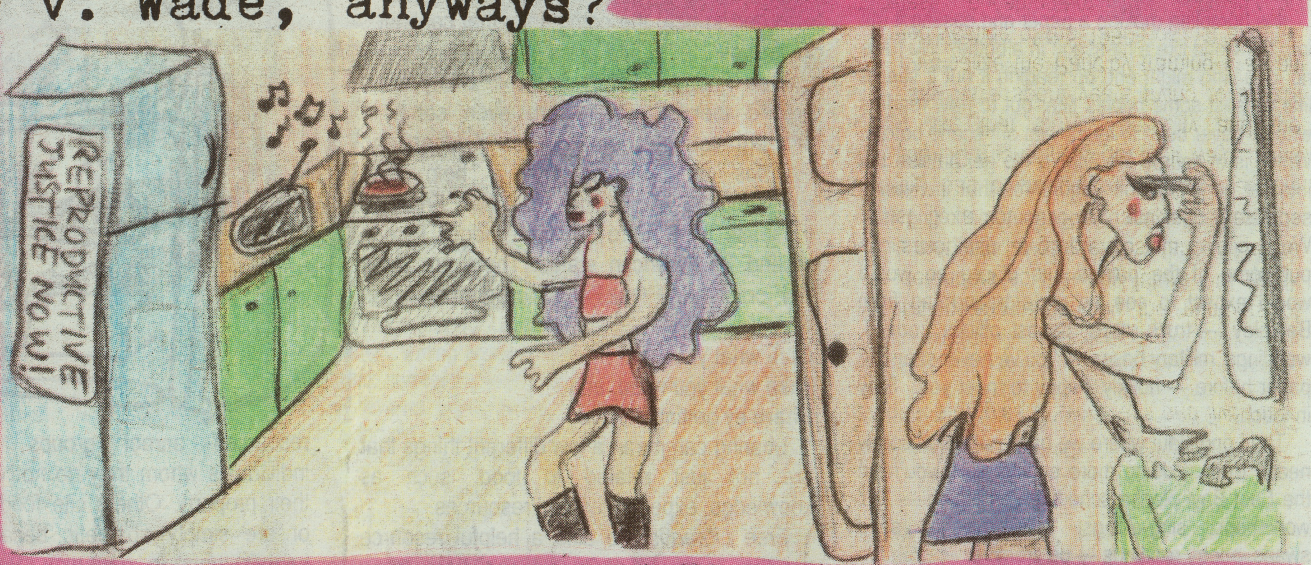
SLINGSHOT

DON'T CHECK OUT just yet!

who wants Roe v. Wade, anyways?

By Lola


REPRODUCTIVE JUSTICE NOW!

You wake up, make the bed. Wing your eyeliner and clean the kitchen before leaving for work. Eyebrows slightly raised in anticipatory defiance as you walk to the bus stop—they call it *resting bitch face.* You don't call it anything. It's just an old piece of armor, now invisible, even to you.

You move through the day with your emails to send, your essays to write, your plans to confirm or cancel, your friends to laugh with or to console. Or maybe the day moves through you, with its hurts for you to confront, authorities to appease or to challenge, headlines to internalize or ignore. And although the year may be sprinkled with escapades on glittery Friday nights, poignant sunset drives and serendipitous first dates—this day-to-day can get pretty tiring. Tiring and busy. If you're walking around in a certain kind of body (a body that is not white, male, and abled) it can be pretty draining at times, too. So much so that sometimes, we have to pick and choose which emotions we want to feel and which we will have to ignore. And in this state which is so inundated with infuriating abuses of power and hollowing tragedies, I think that anger is often the first to go. Who has the time?

In other words—I am so used to this wearisome anger that I worry I have lost my ability to feel it acutely, and in the right moments.

When Roe v. Wade was overturned, I was asked how I felt about it a lot. *As a young woman*... It seemed like everyone wanted me to scream and yell or something, make a big show of my outrage. But I couldn't. Sometimes I would lean into the anger a little bit just to end the conversation. My aunts, parents, my boss, politically correct men—somehow they all seemed more upset about it than me: the only one of the group who might need an abortion at some point in the future.

I guess it is hard to feel a sense of shock or outrage when I am deeply aware of the loss of bodily autonomy I have experienced, as a girl and a woman in the US, throughout my entire life.

There are the better moments, when my hair is soft and my boots are leather and I'm dancing around my sister's kitchen, eating vegan curry with her roommates. I know I am free to move and laugh, and I know how beautiful I look, and I know the effect that it has.

But things are often not so good. Other times I am lying on the ground at the skatepark early in the morning, in the fog, before anyone's there. With my hood pulled up around my face. Or I'm having a silent moment of horror because these jeans don't fit me the way they did last year. Maybe I'm having sex with a lovely, respectful boy but crying for a reason I can't seem to explain to him. And if I had to articulate a common thread between the seemingly irrational meltdowns, I guess that thread would be my having to exist in this female body. The hips, the cheekbones, the eyelashes, the thighs, the wrists, the stomach, the shoulder blades, the butt, the waist—I should be looking in the mirror and seeing the infinite beauty in all of that, in this powerful femininity—but it's hard to get past seeing all the ways it has held me back, and brought me down, and made me afraid.

It is this huge heavy weight. Which is crazy. Because I know that I got out pretty lucky, as far as being a girl goes. But even with the privileges I possess, I am perpetually aware that as I walk around in this body I will always be holding, high above my head, an invisible invitation: Say something! Do something! Touch me! Scold me! Project your discomforts onto me! Take a picture of me! Validate me! Intimidate me! Make an example out of me! Free of charge! :)

So it is hard to feel shocked that Roe v. Wade was overturned, because I never felt much of a right to my

Continued on Page 12

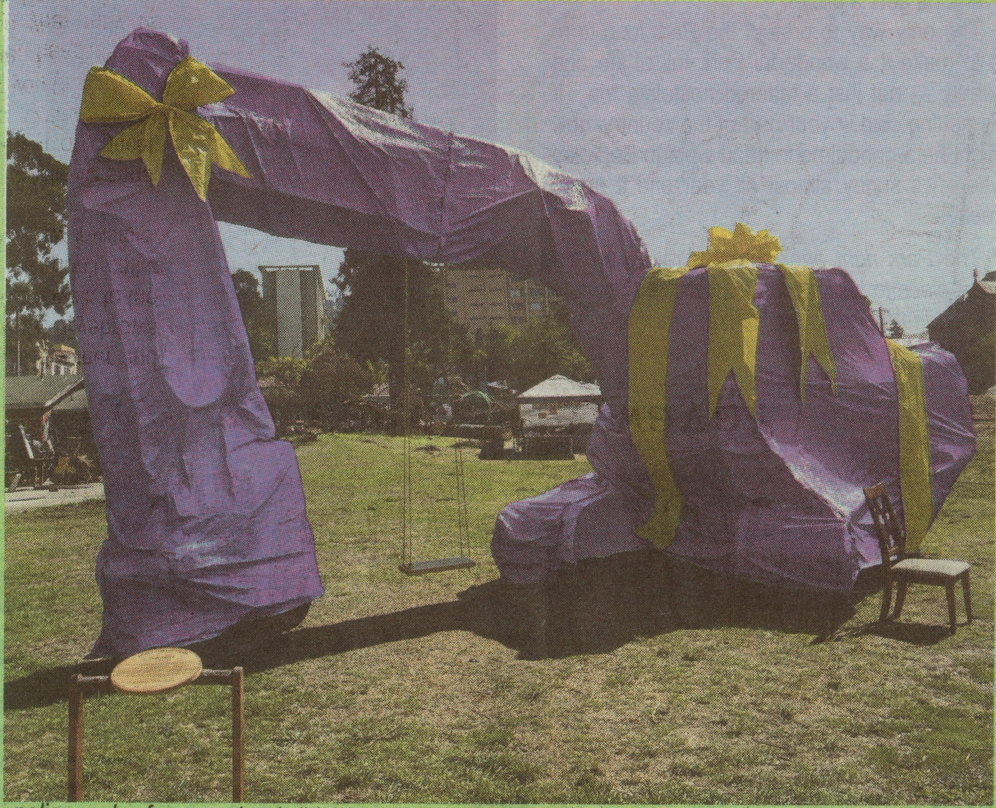
Defend, revive PEOPLE'S PARK

By P. Wingnut

People's Park in Berkeley is *still* liberated territory — despite the University of California sending in 100 police for a sneak attack in the middle of the night on August 3 to steal it from us. Workers were up all night building a strong, 8 foot tall "unclimbable" fence that was spiked into the concrete so UC could start building a 12 story, $312 million dorm at the 2.8 acre site the next morning. Around 9 am, Expert Tree Service arrived and began cutting 47 trees.

But the UC's efforts were always doomed. There's a spell protecting the Park — a curse against the University cast by generations of people who've met and woven community there that extends outwards and continues through our lives. Almost everyone I've met over the last 35 years somehow relates to the community surrounding People's Park.

The ugliness and violence of the UC's predawn raid and attempted clearcut was met with determined, dignified people power. When we heard the roar of chainsaws and the thud of tree trunks hitting the ground, the fence was torn down — and the police and workers fled. They left millions of dollars of fencing and construction equipment — which was promptly disabled and now sits on the lawn near the free speech stage decorated like a post apocalyptic sculpture.



I have to confess that I missed the physical defense of People's Park on August 3. I got the bulldozer alert on my phone when I woke up at 7 am, looked on-line and saw photos of police and a fence ... but I didn't jump on my bike. I'd dropped by a rave in the Park the previous Saturday night sort of to say my goodbyes — I just couldn't see how the Park could survive the momentum and city/corporate coalition that the university had built on their path towards development.

I had a pre-existing plan to take LSD with my girlfriend August 3 that I'd already had to cancel twice — when I got covid and when the Supreme Court overturned Roe.... So I said "fuck it — let's take the acid". We discussed set and setting, and my set was "transformation." I remarked that maybe us taking acid could be like the butterfly effect where a seemingly minor act triggers a hurricane across the world. I was thinking about climate change, inequality and my own personal struggles to work less and live more freely....

The University's attack has ended up invigorating and expanding the numbers of Park defenders so that any future UC attack will be met with far greater resistance. Before August 3, a lot of Park activists (perhaps secretly) had a creeping suspicion that this time, the UC might finally get their way. I was feeling like that too. The City and the University have spent years trying to isolate and marginalize the Park by framing it as an outdated vestige of the 1960s or just another homeless encampment that should be "cleaned up" to make way for progress. Some of us felt tired and felt there were more pressing issues demanding our time. The numbers of participants at events dwindled...

The acid was amazing with strong visuals — probably because a comrade gave it out for free last time we were making Slingshot. *We hiked up to the redwoods above campus and after we peaked, I noticed the constant sound of helicopters circling above. So I turned on my phone and wondered if I was still hallucinating because ... the fence was down! We were still tripping pretty hard but I said "we gotta go to the Park to see what's going on" and when we got there, it was filled with people — the fence had been smashed.*

Since the foiled police raid, there's daily events and plenty of new folks of all ages and backgrounds being drawn to the thriving

Continued on Page 2

SLINGSHOT

Slingshot is an independent radical newspaper published in Berkeley since 1988.

Making this paper is as much about building community as the publication itself. There's a lot of meetings where we exchange ideas — but also socialize, tell stories, hear about parties and feel seen and heard. The Long Haul community center feels alive and exciting when we make an issue. The process is very loose — there's no official "staff" — so it is always a surprise and a treat seeing who will come in. People from a lot of different backgrounds and different ages come through our cluttered loft. So it can be a little more interesting than a punk show or a party where everyone is kinda in your scene already or a friend of a friend. Also folks come in who've been reading the paper for years but we've never met before — so it confirms that someone actually reads this thing.

It is humbling making a paper and casting it out into the world like a message in a bottle. We have no idea who might end up reading it but it seems like at least some copies filter out to new readers who've never been in touch with our scene before. Which is of course the point — to get outside the internet echo-chamber algorithms that increasing separate people into homogenous marketing lists. We're hoping that our volunteer distributors can put some of the papers into places no would would expect to see an underground rag from Berkeley — truck stops, dentist offices, rodeos, weddings, military bases. If you've never seen the paper before — howdy, happy to meet you. Stay in touch.

The Long Haul where we have our office sorely needs to start doing more events, so if you're in the East Bay, please schedule something — DIY workshops, sing-alongs, sign making, seed swaps, poetry readings — be creative.

A new project at the Long Haul is a risograph print room. It's still very new and the structure and purpose behind it are a bit vague. We look forward to the new zines and paper revolutionaries coming up from it. reprographixed.com.

But jeez note to self: we really need to spend some time between issues cleaning the office and doing other background stuff like fixing the broken website. *Even more crucial is spending some time decentralizing and spreading out the work load so making a paper doesn't vacuum up so many weeks.*

We know a lot of subjects are missing from this paper like the Parker School struggle, the recent homeless camp clearances on Wood Street, refugee abuse, drones being sold to Turkey for genocide, gentrification, the rise of far right-wing governments in Europe ... the list feels endless. Next issue send us articles about any of the topics you see missing.

The free, word-of-mouth, 24-hour hot tub behind an unmarked gate on Essex Street in Berkeley is no more after its operator died. The tub brought relief and wonder to *Slingshot* staffers over the last 35+ years – what a gift to give to strangers – what a magical experience to dip into scalding hot water and then wander in an altered state of consciousness in silence through redwoods, even though you're right in the middle of the city. Feeling tiny explosions on your naked skin and realizing with a chuckle— *this is what rain feels like.* It's frustrating and sad that the operator never moved passed his trans-exclusionary attitude, yet the space itself was a unique fixture of the Berkeley roller coaster.

Slingshot is always looking for new writers, artists, editors, photographers and distributors. Even if you feel you are not an essayist, illustrator, whistleblower you may know someone who is. If you send an article, please be open to editing. We're a collective, but not all the articles reflect the opinions of all collective members. We welcome debate and constructive criticism.

Thanks to the people who made this: Andy, Dor, eggplant, Elke, Finn, Hannah, Jennifer, Jesse, Josette, Josh, Lydia, Lola, Marley, Mello, Mimi, Patrick, Rachelle, Riley, Robin, Ryan, Sean, Sebastian, Silver, Stuart, Sylvia, Thelonius, Tess & all the authors and artists!

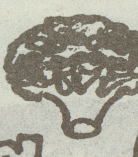
Slingshot New Volunteer Meeting

Volunteers interested in getting involved with *Slingshot* can come to the new volunteer meeting on January 8 at 7 pm at the Long Haul in Berkeley (see below.)

Article Deadline & Next Issue Date

Submit your articles for issue 137 by January 28, 2023.

Volume 1, Number 136, Circulation 22,000
Printed October 28, 2022
Slingshot Newspaper
A publication of Long Haul
Office: 3124 Shattuck Avenue Berkeley CA 94705
Mailing: PO Box 3051, Berkeley, CA 94703
510-540-0751 slingshotcollective@protonmail.com
slingshotcollective.org • twitter @slingshotnews
instagram/ facebook @slingshotcollective



Comida Gratis Para Todos

By StondeLobo

You might have seen operational refrigerators in your neighborhood or community center with signs that say "Free Food / Comida Gratis", or "Take what you need, leave what you don't". Other pop-up resources you might have seen are *Free Pantries,* which are a type of cabinet with shelves to stack canned food or non perishables. These resources are not funded by government. It's everyday people who crank the volume level up to 11 and voluntarily provide whatever food they can. Sometimes hygiene kits, or harm reduction kits are also provided to help the community that continues to struggle.

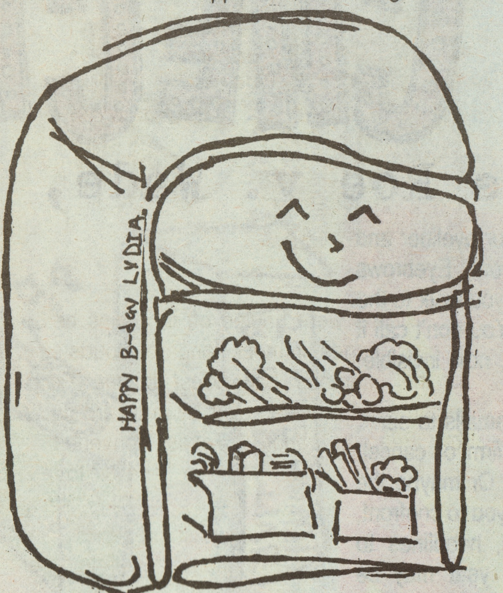
Free Fridges can be found in many cities around the US. There are even some in different countries where *Free Fridges* and *Pantries* are popping up to help their communities. According to the ***Freedge*** database there were 160 free fridges spread around 28 American states. There are three key points to Free Fridge programs, which are :

Give what you can,
Take what you need, and
Share by getting involved.

Sharing can mean a few different things that are not just related to food, such as knowledge, experiences and resources.

Free Libraries are also a helpful resource for the community. Considering how many schools lack enough book funding, and how many neighborhoods lack bookstores and libraries with convenient open hours, such book exchanges are necessary for both children and adults. They are commonly found in some laundromats, community centers, and residential neighborhoods.

I think it's pretty clear what the purpose of a *Free Fridge* program is. However, some will argue that it's nothing but a disturbance in the community. These arguments are prevalent among some landlords and property owners who will not support it, claiming these resources attract groups of houseless individuals whom they do not want to see on their property. Others cite food health codes, or are simply apathetic because it doesn't benefit them in any way. But just for the moment, picture this — *Free Fridges and Pantries* being placed where they are most convenient and accessible and where food is commonly found. Some examples of locations would be a food market center, laundromat, community center, public parks, — the list could go on.



When I visit the nearest fridge or pantry in my community and I see children with their parents picking out food for the night, or when I see individuals picking up something to eat for their camp, it makes it obvious that this program works and has a resilient purpose in our neighborhoods. And when I see people dropping off food, kits, and other resources for people to be able to survive the night, I know community members have inspired one another to keep this going. I feel more inspired and motivated to keep supporting mutual aid programs.

Personally, I think every neighborhood should have a free fridge and pantry. You don't have to be houseless to need access to food, clothes, books and hygiene products. Even individuals who have jobs or a home can struggle with hunger. We continue to make poverty wages as the cost of living goes up, and most struggle with feeding themselves and their families while trying to keep a roof over their heads at the same time, sometimes having to choose between one or the other. It's a sad reality and I think we are way past the point of asking government officials for help. We don't need government officials to do something that we can all come together and do ourselves.

Check out some resources below for location information and guidelines on how to start your own free fridge.

Resources:

International Database
freedge.org freedge.org/locations/
***Town Fridge maps (Oakland, CA)**
drive.google.com/drive/u/0/folders/1031SQA16DTnp1ZOJS0wyS5H8Li_jJTfK

DEFEND, REVIVE PEOPLES PARK

Continued from Page 1

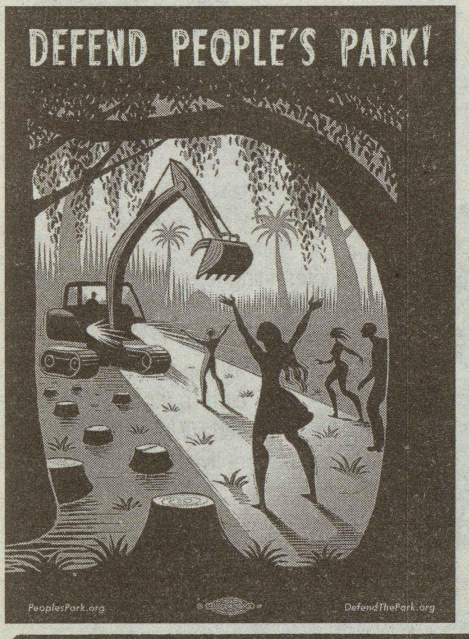
energy at the Park. A recent week's schedule featured Garden Tours, Nonviolent Direct Action prep/training, a Spokescouncil meeting, Fire Mitigation Hügelkultur gardening, Open Air Temple — even an art opening. There's an info table with literature and Food Not Bombs still serves 5 days a week. While most of the trees were cut down, a few remain. The free speech stage, basketball court, bathroom, and some other structures remain. With so much less shade, a big priority has been re-planting and re-greening so there's plenty to do — everyone gets a blister.

The only way to protect the Park long-term is to make it a wonderful Park full of life and beauty — not just a tattered nostalgia trip. If it's getting cold in your part of the country, now might be a good time to head west to Berkeley where it's sunny almost all year and it never freezes.

The Park right after a police raid wasn't a great place to be on acid, so we biked down to the Marina to watch the sunset and I read out loud what I'd written in the last issue of Slingshot — it seemed right on: "Slingshot does not know and therefore cannot disclose the specifics but People's Park is magic — it is not governed by the standard laws of physics or social norms. So don't believe the hype: There will be a mass mobilization to defend the Park the minute the UC moves to install a fence. Or maybe dragons will emerge from volcanos — who the fuck knows but the UC should be careful stirring up the demons that inhabit the Park."

In my acid haze, I realized how profoundly the Park proved that no matter how hopeless things look, anything is possible. Unexpected or unexplainable things can happen so long as you try. We need this awareness not only about People's Park, but about everything in the world that horrifies and frightens us — plastics in the oceans, hatred, racism, the rich getting richer, fascism rising, soulless corporations ruining everything.

The future of People's Park is up for grabs. The University claims they intend to start construction as soon as a court injunction is lifted in November — maybe by the time you read this. But UC is unlikely to attack until its 40,000 students are safely out of town — even if only 40 percent of them support the Park, it's too risky. Late December or early January in the middle of the night is when they'll raid.



We'll always have the upper hand at the Park because it's in our blood — it's about freedom, an absurdly diverse counter-community of freaks and misfits, art, music, and the land. Love is more powerful than brutality and money. The police officers and UC employees don't really care what happens — its just more real estate, more money, more numbers in a computer to them. The contractors have plenty of job sites where they won't be constantly yelled at — where it won't take a 24 -hour a day occupying army of police to protect a quarter mile of fence.

The butterfly effect can work. So just like I had to play my part by tripping and missing the protest, defending People's Park and other seeming doomed free spaces is crucial towards defending the earth, defeating those in power, and building a world worth living in. See you at the Park.

Text SAVETHEPARK to 74121 to join the bulldozer alarm text alert. For more info check peoplespark.org for events.

Circulation information

Subscriptions to *Slingshot* are free to prisoners, low income, or anyone in the USA with a Slingshot Organizer, or $1 per issue donation. International $3 per issue. Outside the Bay Area we'll mail you a free stack of copies if you give them out for free. Say how many copies and how long you'll be at your address. In the Bay Area pick up copies at Long Haul and Bound Together books, SF.

Message to Prison Subscribers

What we do: We provide free subscriptions to incarcerated individuals in the US who request them. Recently we only publish 2 times a year, so there may be up to a ***6 month delay*** between when you request a subscription and when you get a paper. We do accept submissions of art and articles from incarcerated subscribers but we only publish a very tiny fraction. We don't publish poetry or fiction, and only run personal narratives or stories about your case if they are framed within radical analysis.

What we don't do: We are unable to provide penpals, legal aid/advice, financial assistance, literature besides *Slingshot*, or respond to requests for other kinds of help. Usually, we can't write back. We can't use JPay / other inmate email services.

Comrades on the outside: We receive 5-10 letters from incarcerated folks every day. We welcome help reading them and processing subscription requests! — Love, Slingshot

The TALE of "TEXAS":

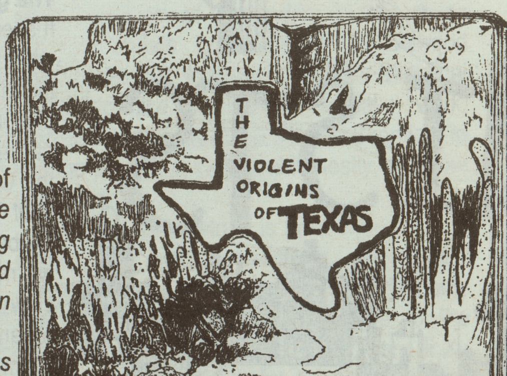
Toppling a colonial creation story.

By Xinãchtli

2023 will mark the 200 year anniversary of one of the most horrific *Holocausts of the Americas,* buried in myths, lies: *The Founding of the Texas Rangers Police-Army Militia, and the U.S. Yankee Colonization of Northern Mexico.*

The *Rangers* earned the nickname *Los Diablos Tejanos*, or *The Texas Devils* in the Mexican community, as blood-thirsty hires of lawless white supremacy, a colonial period known as *La Hora de Sangre*, or *The Time of Blood: The Massacre of Mexicanos-Chicanos in* the Occupied territories.

These colonial wars were for land, expansionist plantation slavery, inspired by the racist ideological doctrine of *Manifest Destiny*. They set in motion a pattern of falsification of history, ongoing war crimes, the disenfranchisement of Chicanos in "Tejas" that have remained buried in lies.


THE VIOLENT ORIGINS OF TEXAS

Mexicans were hauled off in chains before "pseudo-judges" in mock kangaroo courts such as the infamous *Law West of the Pecos* saloon-court presided over by drunkard *Judge Roy Bean at Langtry, Texas,* convened by land-hungry swindlers to give "legality" to their war crimes, in stripping all native Mexicans of all social rights, stealing their properties, and criminalizing them as "bandits" declaring "open season war" against them as "personas non-grata" in their own native homeland.

This war has continued today, especially along the military-imposed *U.S./Mexico* border from *Brownsville to San Diego, CA.* A series of myths and stereotypes took hold in keeping with the sociological, geopolitical dialectics of the historical process of colonialism, as laid out by *Dr. Frantz Fanon*. This genocidal ethnic-cleansing was spearheaded by notorious *Texas Rangers,* founded in 1823, by the father of settler colonialism, *Stephen F. Austin*. Texas joined the *Confederacy* and many monuments and statues honoring these war criminals were erected in cities and at State Universities.

Many books, films andfolk song ballads were produced by the colonial class to justify this vile, ugly history, a history that *critical race theory* seeks the truth be told. However, Texas, the "Daughters of the Confederacy," and proponents of plantation slavery, seek to have this false history buried in lies, living in utter hypocrisy, shame and infamy.

Visit the *Texas Ranger's Museum* in *Waco, Texas,* and see the lies with your own eyes. True books, new authors, historians and University professors are ostracized, black-listed, banned, threatened with termination or denied tenure for teaching true history.

During the last 200 years, law has been used as an instrument of tyranny in the hands of the oppressors, to rule over the powerless, voiceless, the poor, the oppressed.

The Rangers have always acted as Gestapo enforcers of colonial rule, destroying Chicano civil rights, anti-war, union, third political party movement organizations, keeping Chicanos in second-class citizenship, subservancy roles, by the Neo-colonial structures. Chicanos have always valiantly resisted colonialism though various forms of organized struggles, including guerrilla warfare for the return of their stolen lands, for freedom from such an evil system of oppression, exploitation.

Texas Prisons and *Colonialism* are connected through an *Umbilical Cord*, as the granite stones and its electric chair "Old Sparky," were built by 'Prisoner Slaves' Labor of the infamous colonial "convict-lease" program," all stained with prisoners' blood.

Texas Prisons also glorifies this ugly history at its *Texas Prison Museum* in *Huntsville*. Its prisons are disproportionately filled by *Blacks. Chicanos, Asians, Native Americans,* and its proliferation of "control units" and its counterinsurgency programs, the brain-child of fascist former Prison Director *Dr. George Beto,* designed to silence, repress dissent, such as the case of "*Xinãchtli,*" (s/n *Alvaro Luna Hernandez),* now going on 20+ years in Solitary Confinement, shows the true nature of the carceral totalitarian state under colonialism, capitalism, imperialism.

As 2023 approaches, any "official apology" from the State would be grossly insufficient, and insulting.

Chicanos are entitled to a real healing process from the crimes of Colonialism; for a Truth & Reconciliation Commission, A War-Crimes Tribunal, for reparations, for freedom from existing Neo-Colonial criminal structures still in place today.

Colonialism has been declared a *crime against humanity,* guaranteeing its subjects the *inalienable right* to free themselves from its stranglehold by any means necessary, including armed struggle and revolution. *Stay tuned for further national discourse....*

Viva La Raza !

Tierra y Libertad !

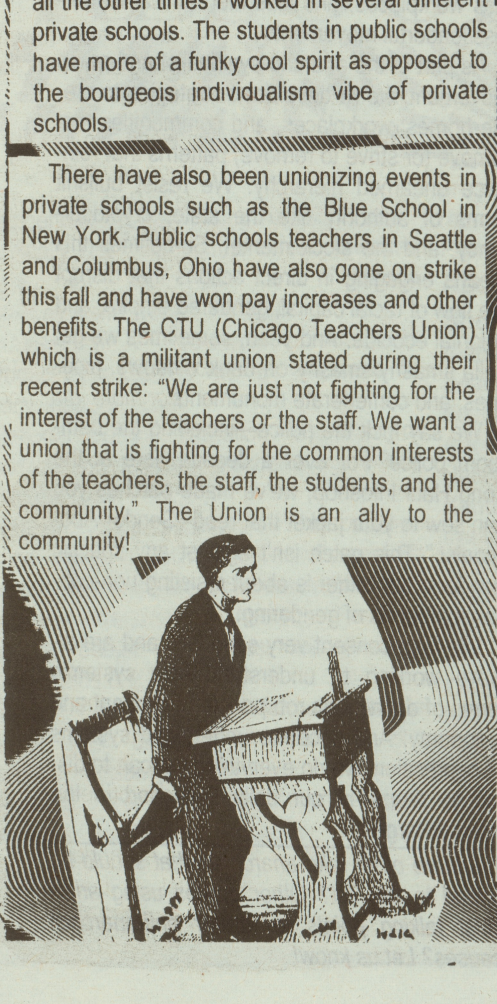
TEACHER ACTIONS, STUDENTS, AND A RADICAL CRITIQUE OF SCHOOLS

By Jean Meeds

San Francisco Movement of Rank and File Educators have been doing demonstrations and walking picket lines at a public San Francisco High school to help stop the teacher Exodus from San Francisco. I work there as a volleyball coach for the Women's volleyball team. The San Francisco Unified School District has offered teachers a tentative 6% increase, but that does not come close to covering the increased cost of living in San Francisco.

San Francisco is one of the wealthiest cities in the world and yet pays teachers at one of the lowest levels in the area. San Francisco is now known for its private schools. Funny, in my 5 seasons as coach, this is the first time I have worked as a coach in a public school, as all the other times I worked in several different private schools. The students in public schools have more of a funky cool spirit as opposed to the bourgeois individualism vibe of private schools.

There have also been unionizing events in private schools such as the Blue School in New York. Public schools teachers in Seattle and Columbus, Ohio have also gone on strike this fall and have won pay increases and other benefits. The CTU (Chicago Teachers Union) which is a militant union stated during their recent strike: "We are just not fighting for the interest of the teachers or the staff. We want a union that is fighting for the common interests of the teachers, the staff, the students, and the community." The Union is an ally to the community!



Our schools may seem useful to turn children into doctors, sociologists, and lawyers, etc. but they are poisonous, as well. Both teachers and students are oppressed groups and exploited. For most of your school life, it doesn't make that much difference what subject you are taught, the method is the real lesson. The form is the methodology. The structure of rules, punishments, and rewards trains us much more than the subject matter, which often has no relevance on one's life. "Schools Not Jails" may be a cool slogan and there have been rallies held with that theme, however it is interesting to note that the architecture of many schools is similar to that of prisons.

It is also interesting to note that the National Labor Relations board has always blocked union efforts by students. The idea of students not being able to organize unions has its origins in the New Deal period. So much for progressive Capitalism! When we talk about reaching a deeper depth of democracy here in the US, one has to realize that political freedom is much more than what is in the legal statutes, but is rather a state of mind which can be either stunted or uplifted in schools. Whether one is in a public or private school, that is where one learns about submission to authoritarian agendas and how to follow orders mindlessly.

While learning is important, the point is how we transmit this knowledge in a manner that is uplifting and meaningful. Organizing communities around educational justice issues is a good start, such as ending racially discriminatory discipline and policing practices and creating community-oriented schools with culturally-relevant curriculum for students.

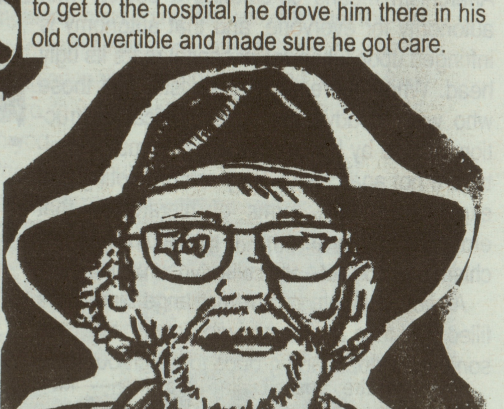
I would like to thank Jerry Farber who Taught at San Diego State for some of the ideas and concepts in this article.

GLENN FULLER

1950 2022

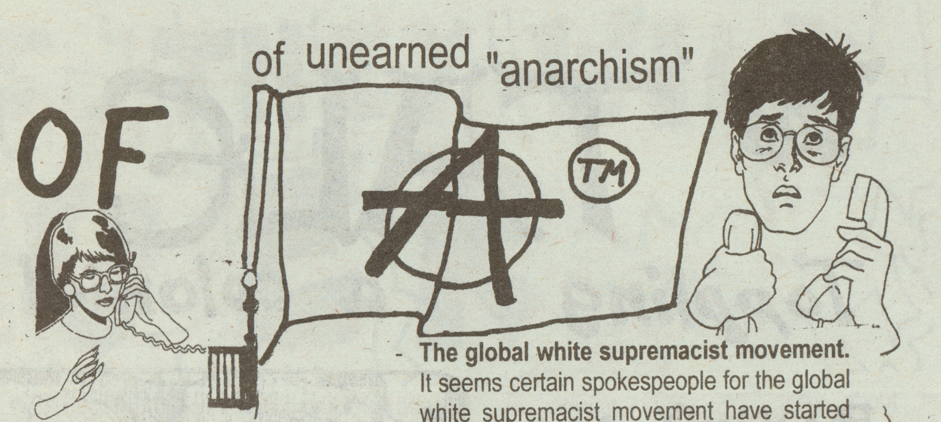
Slingshot member and all around decent human Glenn Fuller died March 20, 2022. Like all of us, I guess, Glenn was an oddball. He wasn't the stereotypical young punk kid that one might imagine populate the *Slingshot* staff. No — he was often the oldest person at a meeting, he was from the South and had a strong southern accent, he was disabled and walked with difficulty, and he didn't dress or present like a freak. *Except that he hung around us,* attending the Anarchist Study Group almost every week and staffing the Long Haul Infoshop in Berkeley on Thursdays for over a decade. He ran the Long Haul's website and programmed it so that a silly flying saucer hovered around the screen.

Glenn was consistent and persistent in the way he made it to Long Haul's frequently frustrating monthly meeting. He was passionate about reading and thinking about anarchism. At *Slingshot* and Long Haul meetings he would often surprise you with his ideas — challenging assumptions — he didn't just go along with the crowd. He was generous — usually bringing a big plate of home-made marijuana shortbread to *Slingshot* mailing parties. When another Long Haul member died, he brought food for those left behind. When Will was deathly ill and needed to get to the hospital, he drove him there in his old convertible and made sure he got care.



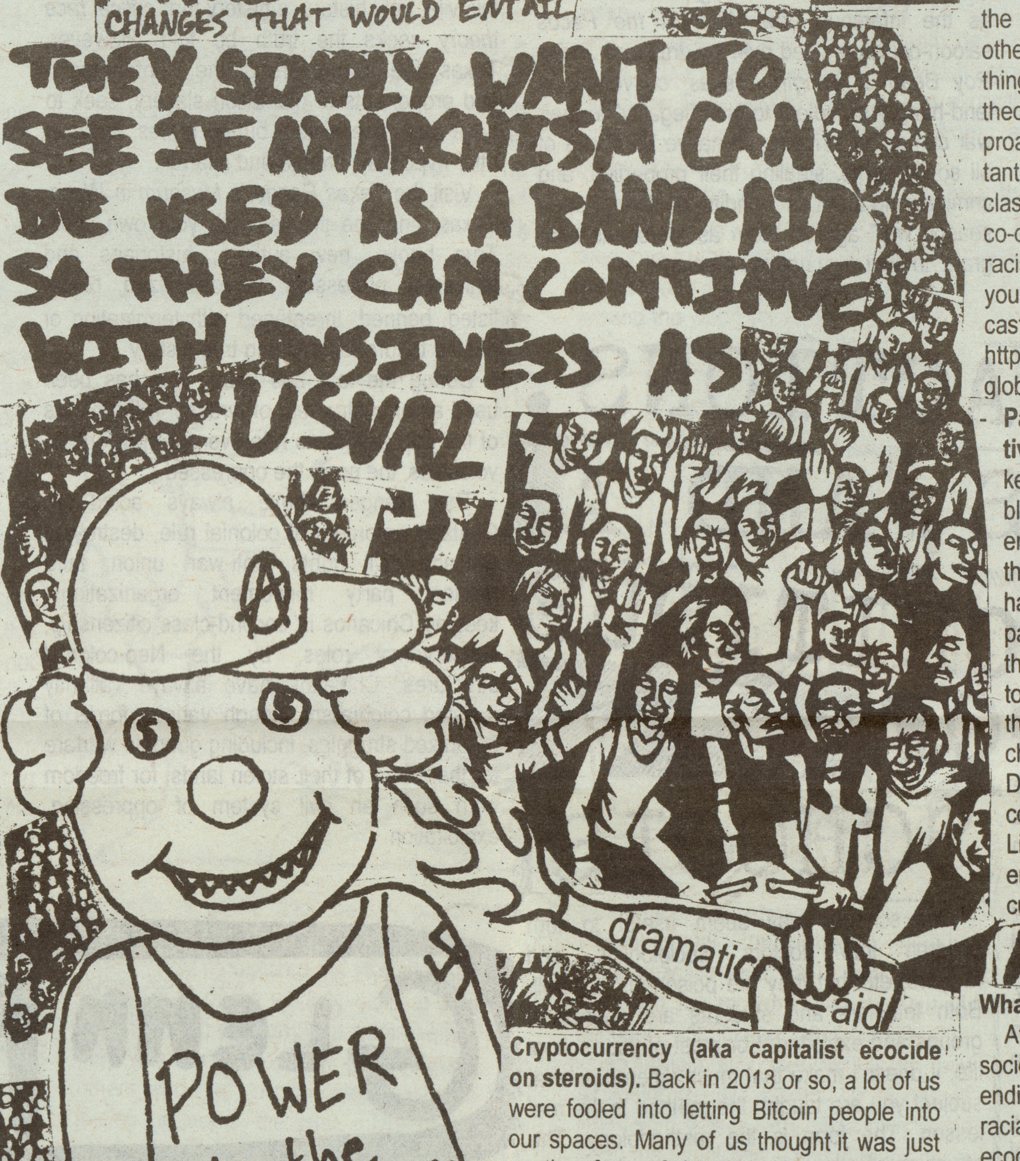
Glenn was private about his personal life. When he was younger, he worked at a nuclear power plant. We think he lived in Beirut when he was a kid. He had a connection with some property in Tennessee and talked about going there. It was an honor to have Glenn among us all these years and we'll miss him.

THE RISE OF FAKE ANARCHISTS



Most people who say they're ANARCHISTS DIDNT WANT TO GEVE UP UNEARNED FORMS OF HIERARCHY or MAKE THE CHANGES THAT WOULD ENTAIL

THEY SIMPLY WANT TO SEE IF ANARCHISM CAN BE USED AS A BAND-AID SO THEY CAN CONTINUE WITH BUSINESS AS USUAL


POWER to the PEOPLE*
* MUST BE RICH, WHITE, STRAIGHT MALE TO QUALIFY
dramatic
-aid

By H-Cat and Pickleteeth

For over a century, anarchists enjoyed the perks of having a bad reputation. Throughout the 1900s, we were the "bomb-throwing anarchists," and in 1919, a number of radicals, including Emma Goldman, were forcibly removed from the United States simply for being anarchists. While the political oppression was shitty, it came with a fun bonus: there was no social currency in calling yourself an anarchist, and it was a label capitalist social climbers strived to avoid. Calling yourself an anarchist could cause you to lose your job, get deported, or end up in prison.

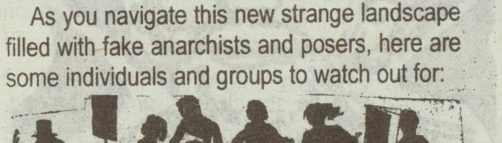
That all changed in 2011, when the mainstream was introduced to anarchism through the Occupy movement, and anarchist academics like David Graeber gained a type of widespread recognition. Capitalism was collapsing (as usual), and suddenly, in a sort of panic, a great deal of public attention began to be directed towards anarchists, as if we had all the answers, as if we've found some sort of "secret sauce" to fix society.

While the shift in the public's imagination about anarchism has had its benefits (we seem to be getting less FBI raids, which is kind of nice), much of this attention directed towards anarchism has been superficial.

This has allowed a strange new trend to arise: a cohort of posers either pretending to be anarchists, or spouting anarchist-ish ideas in efforts to recruit for profoundly shitty projects. This includes the so-called Anarcho-Capitalists or "AnCaps" who falsely claim that anarchism and capitalism can co-exist. This also includes some hella scary white nationalists and extremists who draw upon anti-state rhetoric that sometimes sounds like anarchism as part of their recruiting.

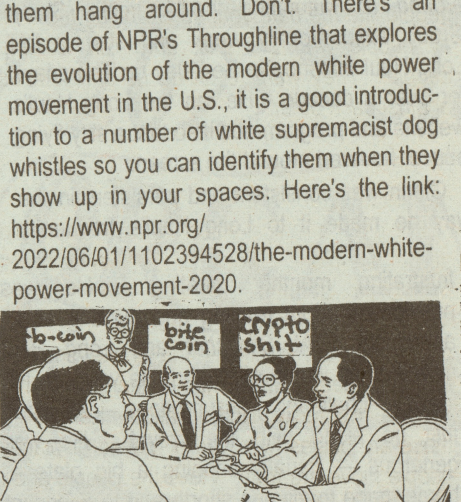
We ignore these fake anarchists at our peril. Some of them even have an explicit agenda to co-opt the term "anarchist" so that the term comes to mean the same thing that "libertarian" means in the U.S. Because of these attempts at co-optation, it has never been more important to articulate strong anti-racist and anti-capitalist stances within our movements. Anarchism means co-creating a society with autonomy for everyone, and that autonomy is infringed upon when racial capital rears its ugly head. White supremacists, sexists, and those who wish to advance the ecological destruction caused by bitcoin and other forms of capital are not anarchists. They are promoting and expanding unjust forms of hierarchies that erode autonomy and harm the ecology. Anarchism has no place for these types of people.

As you navigate this new strange landscape filled with fake anarchists and posers, here are some individuals and groups to watch out for:



- **Michael Malice, fake anarchist.** Some asshat named Michael Malice has been going around calling himself a "the world's most prominent anarchist," but he's really just some fucking U.S.-style libertarian. Basically, he is trying to do to the term "anarchist" what Murray Rothbard did to "libertarian" in the U.S. If we let him get away with it, anarchist spaces will soon become overrun with Gadsden flag types. Ugh. Seriously, check out the video by Chill Goblin called "Anarcho-capitalism and the TRUTH about Michael Malice." Link to video: youtu.be/Wen2sMlhyPM

- **The U.S. white power movement assholes.** If someone in your organizing space won't shut up about Waco or keeps talking about "The Turner Diaries," you probably have a white supremacist in your mist. In Oakland, we had a couple folks like this try to join some organizing spaces about ten years ago. These types tend to corner and harass people of color, and will quietly drive them from your organizing spaces if you let them hang around. Don't. There's an episode of NPR's Throughline that explores the evolution of the modern white power movement in the U.S., it is a good introduction to a number of white supremacist dog whistles so you can identify them when they show up in your spaces. Here's the link: https://www.npr.org/2022/06/01/1102394528/the-modern-white-power-movement-2020.



- **Cryptocurrency (aka capitalist ecocide on steroids).** Back in 2013 or so, a lot of us were fooled into letting Bitcoin people into our spaces. Many of us thought it was just another form of time-banking, just another experiment in alternative currency. Boy were we wrong! The more you understand the carbon footprint of the blockchain, the more you realize cryptocurrency is a MASSIVE polluter. Seriously, a 2018 scientific article published in *Nature* found that *a single Bitcoin transaction uses more energy than an average single-family home in a year.* Also, according to this article, cryptocurrency alone will put our planet over 1.5°C warming if left unchecked. This shit is wildly polluting; the bigger the blockchain gets, the more energy it needs. If we truly cared about the environment, we'd be smashing BitCoin mining rigs alongside pipelines. In some regions, BitCoin miners have even forced the grid to go back to burning coal because of their rapid need for more and more energy. There is nothing anti-capitalist about cryptocurrency, it is simply another form of capital, just like stocks and publicly traded commodities. It simply reinforces forms of pre-existing hierarchies while consuming monstrous amounts of energy. Crypto is also a pyramid scheme, so those who have bought into it find themselves compelled to trick others into buying it. For a clearheaded discussion of alternative currency models that are *actually anti-capitalist*, check out the "Is Cryptocurrency Good for the Next Economy?" episode of the Next Economy Now podcast: https://podcasts.apple.com/dz/podcast/kevin-bayuk-is-cryptocurrency-good-for-the-next-economy/id1074584017

- **The global white supremacist movement.** It seems certain spokespeople for the global white supremacist movement have started blending forms of Marxist class analysis into their recruiting language, and at times, this can sound like anarchist rhetoric. Check out the Center for Investigative Reporting's *Reveal* podcast episode called "Inside the Global Fight for White Power" to see what we mean. In this episode, there's an interview with neo-Nazi Matt Heimbach, who co-organized of the deadly 2017 Unite the Right rally in Charlottesville. As Heimbach explains his worldview, you'll be shocked to hear that he has something resembling a class analysis, and even an anti-state "eat the rich" mindset. What's wild is he and other neo-Nazis like him have folded these things in with racist, antisemitic conspiracy theories. This is literally an OG Nazi approach, and this is why it's so damn important to resist forms of oppression beyond class oppression. Don't let your space get co-opted by Nazis! Be sure to keep anti-racist (and anti-sexist!) analyses central to your organizing practice. Check out the podcast here to see what we're talking about: https://revealnews.org/podcast/inside-global-fight-for-white-power/

- **Paleolibertarians (are not Anarcho-primitivists).** While many of us are loathe to keep tabs on the libertarian party, it's probably a good idea to peek over that fence every once in a while to see what stupid shit they are up to. Lately, the libertarian party has turned back the clock and is reviving paleolibertarianism from the 1980s. Parts of their rhetoric has been designed to appeal to some types of anarchists. Watch out for these chucklefucks. To learn more, check out this episode of the Its Going Down podcast: "Will Right-Libertarians Become The New Alt-Right?; A Discussion." Link: https://itsgoingdown.org/will-right-libertarians-become-the-new-alt-right-a-discussion/

ANARCHISM

What real anarchism looks like

At its core, anarchism is about co-creating a society with autonomy for everyone. It is about ending unjust hierarchies, which means ending racial capital, gendered empire, and colonial ecocide. Perhaps we don't have all the answers, but we have some tactics we've been working on, tactics that are ever-evolving through trial and error. These tactics include direct action, consensus process, DIY, bossless workplaces, and less hierarchical leaderless/leaderful movements.

As part of the anarcho-syndicalist and co-op movement, we've developed strategies to create homes, workplaces, and communities that remove (or strive to remove) patterns that reinforce unearned hierarchy. We resist bullshit forms of authority like the state, cryptocurrency, and the stock market. Sometimes this means engaging in direct actions that disrupt the flow of racial capital, gendered empire, and colonial ecocide. And yeah, sometimes we get hella smashy-smashy on bank windows, pipelines, and confederate monuments.

We say fuck the police—including the bathroom police. For over a decade here at the Long Haul Infoshop, we've made patches you can sew to your jacket that read "Gender Abolitionist." This patch isn't against any specific genders, but rather is about resisting non-consensual forms of gendering.

We take consent very seriously, and are always working to understand how systemic forms of oppression rob people of consent and autonomy. And once we understand systems of oppression, we do everything we can to dismantle them—in our daily lives and in the world at large!

Are there other fake anarchists that should be added to this list? Other groups using anarchist talking points to further anti-anarchist causes? Let us know!

THE ELEPHANT IN THE ROOM

By Jesse D. Palmer

We need to talk about the elephant in the room — millions of people are being mobilized by fear and hate to support clown-like authoritarians who want more police, taller walls, stricter conformity and less freedom. It's not just talking heads on Fox news and a few politicians — right-wingers are talking about starting a civil war and it's no joke because these folks collect guns as a hobby.

How did we get to the point where I'm looking up the dictionary definition of fascism: "a political philosophy, movement, or regime that exalts nation and often race above the individual and that stands for a centralized autocratic government headed by a dictatorial leader, severe economic and social regimentation, and forcible suppression of opposition."

When I talk to other radicals one-on-one, they're worried about a near-term descent into fascism — that MAGA types will seize power through another coup, armed conflict, or most likely by winning the next few elections and then rigging the system once they take it over to stay in power indefinitely. If that happens, it is not alarmist to think that a lot of us are going to end up in jail, disappeared, or dead — and that it will be impossible to continue any counter-culture or alternative projects, live free lives, or make any progress on social justice or environmental sustanability.

But so far as I can tell, the radical scene doesn't want to talk about it — perhaps because it puts us in the awkward position of *supporting* the mainstream American electoral machine, which we all know is fundamentally unfair. How can we support a system responsible for genocide, slavery, Jim Crow, endless wars, corporate control? A lot of radicals I know would like to have their *own* insurrection — to smash the state, to seize power for workers, to make revolution. Engaging with MAGA means getting involved in the mainstream game, indirectly supporting democrats — too fucking impure.

I don't want to be the turd in the punchbowl, but sometimes history puts us in a situation where we only have bad choices and not choosing is itself a dangerous choice. In the 1930s, US radicals who opposed the US government and capitalism nonetheless joined WWII against fascism. Now is another time to do what we can to avoid fascism, because the present system with all its warts gives us room to oppose capitalism that fascism won't.

What does this mean? The liberals and the democrats are losing a popularity contest against MAGA because they represent the mainstream capitalist economic monster that is incapable of making things better for the vast majority of the population who work for a living vs. the 1% who make their money owning property, stock, and money itself.

> IF YOU THINK ME OR PEOPLE LIKE ME HATE YOU YOU'RE BEING FED A LIE BY PEOPLE WHO LOOK DOWN ON WORKING PEOPLE. THEY WANT TO DIVIDE US AND TURN US AGAINST EACH OTHER

We should *not* be in a situation in which regular folks in red states are whipped into a frenzy against regular people in blue states and vice versa — nor is this about rural vs. urban, white vs. multi-cultural, guns vs. tofu.

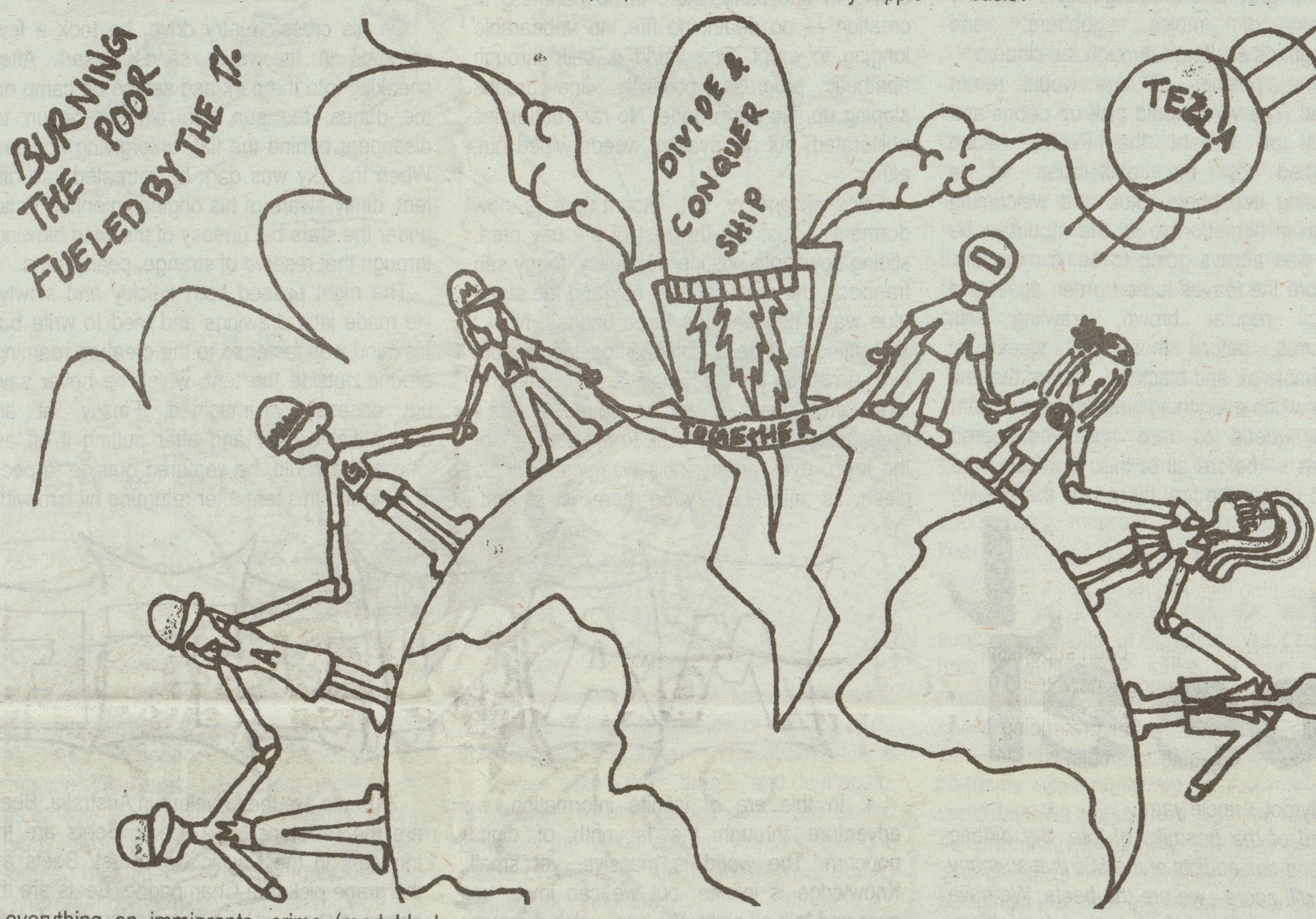
Everyone agrees that the economic and political systems aren't working — we're living through a period of unprecedented and disorienting change and it's undeniable that life is getting harder each year for most people. Housing costs more, jobs pay less — everyone accepts and expects to live worse than their parents did.

The question is *who is to blame?*

The radical scene has the most crucial role in opposing fascism, because we have the clearest answer: the 1%, the bosses, the landlords, the Corporations and capitalism itself which is a rigged game where creating inequality, misery, a dizzying pace of change and meaninglessness is a feature, not a bug. It's simple and obvious — and even has facts behind it.

The democrats can't and won't provide a credible answer because they are bought and paid for by the capitalists. When they try in some limited ways to offer solutions, their message is so mangled and guarded and inauthentic that everyone can see right through it and ignore it.

Which has provided the perfect petri dish for MAGA, which offer scapegoats, confusion and misinformation to address very real problems we're all feeling deeply. MAGA wants to blame everything on immigrants, crime (read black people), gays, trans people, woke people... But to do it, they have to contort facts and hatch spectacular conspiracy theories — stolen elections, QAnon, immigrant caravans, and similar gibberish. The problem is that when the only options on the TV are democrats who won't offer a solution and MAGA solutions that touch on emotionally resonant issues, a lot of people are picking MAGA.



OUR JOB is to point out that we don't need scapegoats. To do so is much more about storytelling and our hearts than endless academic critiques, facts or policies. We need to stop being scared of talking to regular people who might not agree with us 100% — it's not giving up our purity to deal with the real world as part of a longer-term process of building a world we want to see.

We need to tell better stories not only to expose the system, but to describe a future people will want to be part of. We have to stop just being against stuff all the time — that doesn't organize anyone in a sustainable or long-term fashion.

And I know many will disagree, but focusing on guilt isn't working — it doesn't motivate most people. It barely works within the radical scene — rather it just promotes burnout and makes all of us afraid to say anything lest we be the next one to be cancelled. I was talking about this with a friend at the park recently and she suggested maybe all the radicals who want to stop focusing on policing language so much and start trying to engage with a wider audience should all get cancelled at the same time so we can get it over with and move on.

We don't have — nor do we want — anyone like Trump or his talking heads. The best way to oppose MAGA has to be grassroots and decentralized — lots of talks person-to-person that focus on things we *share* no matter whether we're in a red state or a blue state or what color we are or how we were raised.

MAGA hates elites and that might be a good place to start — the billionaires' extravagances keep getting more absurd. $500 million yachts? Starting your own rocket ship company? What the fuck. These are points I think most people — MAGA or Berkeley Hippie — can agree on. But there's positive stuff I think we can agree on, too. Most people love their families, care about their friends and their communities, work hard at their jobs and love the land we share.

The goal of these conversations is so we can stop dehumanizing each other — which at this moment is dangerous because it allows those in power to divide us based on made-up differences and also makes violence more likely. You can kill the "other", but it's harder to kill a neighbor, someone you've spoken with, someone whose family you know.

I want to say to my red state brothers and sisters that even though I'm an urbanite hippie from Berkeley — *I don't look down on you or have anything against you. If you think me or people like me hate you, you're being fed a lie by people who DO look down on working people. They want to divide us and turn us against each other.*

What we need is solidarity — we have more in common than divides us. We even need to love each other.

I've been a radical since I was 16 years old and I have plenty I would like to change about this country and the system but nevertheless I love America — not just the coast, not just people who are like me — the whole thing and the other people with whom I share this land. Indiana, Kentucky, North Dakota, Kansas — these are places I've lived or visited or places people I love are from. I love the people and I love the land — even if I still criticize the system and the history of injustice that brought us together. So far as I can tell the MAGA people are against the system, too — we see it different but I think there are places to overlap. I myself don't own a gun and I sure feel worried about the harm guns do, but I don't want to take away anyone's guns and I can't think of many people I know here in Berkeley that want to take anyone's guns. Certainly no one wants to take anyone's bible.

A key value is tolerance — live and let live. I am okay if you want to think or believe or live differently than I do. I don't want to crush you or force you to give up anything. I don't know if that's something MAGA people can agree on as a group but maybe on a person-to-person basis?

And moving beyond just avoiding catastrophe, I wish radicals would spend more time telling stories about the world we want to create. Glimpses of a world where we cooperate with each other to create beautiful, pleasurable and meaningful lives are already around us — and even though it's painful and unjust that so many people are still excluded, it's a mistake to *just* focus on problems and ignore the joyful parts of the here and now. Sometimes I feel guilty that I'm getting away with my life here in Berkeley — but it's real. People treat each other with respect and caring. There's a zillion projects people have created to make the world better and not for money — art gardens, free pinball, shared hot tubs, community centers, even the *Slingshot*. I'm still living in a commune with 8 people and when one of us gets sick, the others jump in to help so we can all feel supported and safe. My daughter goes to an excellent public school where the 5th grade puberty education seamlessly includes gays, trans people and body positivity. I just saw the Milky way on a moonless night standing in an off-the-grid, communal organic apple farm that hosts 3 generations of people living on unspoiled land with a pond for swimming, a sauna — where sheep wander amongst oaks and madrone trees. People from diverse backgrounds speaking many languages mostly get along just fine in the East Bay — our diversity adds texture and excitement — with people pursuing many different passions that don't hurt anyone — parties, concerts, dance, food, children, exercise — just regular living.

The good parts of *this* world right now is the new world we're trying to build — there's no use waiting for the revolution or dreaming of some utopia. The question is how to expand the parts of our lives that are worth living? And how to avoid having the freedoms we enjoy not swept away by civil war, fascism, intolerance, hate and fear?

WHEN THE

By Lola

It's unlikely that Mount Tamalpais is the remnant of an extinct volcano, but it's possible. The eruption, if it ever happened, might have taken place 20 to 45 million years ago — this is according to the boy sitting next to me at the coffee shop; he advised me not to cite him in my essay — and it would have blanketed our currently ergonomic bay area with a suffocating layer of unforgiving black ash. I can see the sky obstructed with smoke for days, maybe weeks; the remaining redwoods and douglas-fir gray and unrecognizable; the tiny skeletons of moles, gophers, and hummingbirds scattered through the cinders.

In time, patches of blue would return overhead. The wind would pick up debris and push it off toward the Pacific, alone undisturbed by the obliteration of a neighboring ecosphere, blue and welcoming as death in her effort to let the mountain be what it was always going to be: a mountain. But before the leaves turned green again and the soil regular brown, crawling with earthworms, before those still weeks of unbreathable air and black sky, before the few hours in which everything was destroyed, from invasive weeds to rare and endangered butterflies — before all of this, there was the fire, and before the fire, there was the longing to erupt.

It's commonly accepted that mount Tam was formed, not by an annihilating volcano, but instead by pressures formed at the San Andreas Fault. While the origin stories of volcanic eruption and tectonic plate movement both leave us with the same mountain, I wonder if some distinction is born out of which story we choose to tell. Was the mountain that I live on created out of fire-chaos-destruction-rebirth? Or was it formed through the slow, steady, and positive accumulation of mass between two moving fragments of the earth's crust? In one story, there is no darkness in creation — no death, no fire, no unbearable longing to erupt. The world is built through apathetic progress, positivity, line graphs sloping up. No harm done. No rare butterflies obliterated, but no invasive weeds wiped out, either.

Once-volcano or not, mount tam is now dormant — just like the rest of the bay area, sliding down into pristine mill valley, foggy san francisco, the practical east bay and the steel-blue water between the three bridges. Now I am sitting outside a coffee shop looking out over a nearby park. My hair is clean and the mountain's green. I am so young. There's dogs everywhere: they stick to the confines of the lawn, eyes empty, tails wagging. Hair as clean as mine. Everyone here is smiling, including the clear blue sky, including the cartoonish police officer waving hello to the old ladies on their morning walk to town. It's a very pretty picture. Here I am in the center of it, a very pretty, very respectable-looking girl. A dormant girl. And while there's something superficially nice in all of that, something nice in the steady linearity of tectonic plates taking years and years to make a mountain, there's something else, too. A feeling I can't deny. An ugly longing I can't suppress. And I think I want it all to burn.

***

On his cross-country drive, he took a few shrooms in the white sands desert. After sneaking into the park and setting up camp on the dunes, the sun had already begun to disappear behind the flat, unforgiving horizon. When the sky was dark he retreated into his tent, dimly aware of his original intention to lie under the stars but uneasy of the wind blowing through that reserve of strange, pearly sand.

The night passed both quickly and slowly. He made little drawings and tried to write but his mind was fastened to the creature roaming around outside the tent, which he never saw but obsessively imagined. Finally, at an unidentifiable hour and after putting it off as long as he could, he ventured outside to pee. The sight of his tent after returning hit him with a deep and indescribable dread. There were notebooks and pastels strewn across his crumpled-up sleeping bag; a bottle of water had been knocked over and a few loose pieces of paper in one corner were soaking in the mess; something smelled weird. It was colder than he remembered. All he wanted in that moment was for the sun to rise, and the second this thought entered his mind, he could think of little else. Darkness became the culprit for both the mess inside of his tent and his unknowable fears outside of it.

Eventually, he decided to start tidying up. When everything was almost back in order, he thought of something he wanted to write down. Rummaging for the right notebook in his backpack resulted in another small mess and panic began to set in again: would he keep organizing things and then fucking them up again, over and over and over until the end of time? When would he rest? He lay down on his back, eyes shut tight, imagining the excruciating cycle repeating and repeating and repeating and repeating…and lying there, he noticed that each heartbeat was followed immediately by another, and another, and there was nothing he could do to stop them from coming, nothing that could convince him each beat was not simply a preparation for the next…

beet MANIFESTO

By moldyroot + uncle yam

Instead of the beatniks of lore, the dirtbag heroin-and-sex addicts of the 50s that so many writers still adore– we are the beets. We have the same wandering feet as our forefathers, but we find ourselves in late-stage capitalism. We stand at the edge of society, both in love and infinitely upset with capitalism and technology. Unlike the beatniks, we care for our bodies and our minds, much like we care for our gardens. We are witnessing the end of the holocene, the only geological period stable enough to sustain agriculture. We are a burgeoning global community of writers and thinkers, beginning to find our voice. We are...

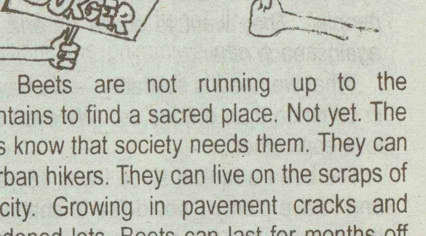
1. The surfers of the temporal stretch. We don't want your expectations, at thirty or forty or fifty we can still be twenty. We can still work a job for two months, fly across the world. Give us a railroad gig and we will do it. We might quit two weeks later, work a migrant farm job, and circle back next year in constant motion. Like the beet, we only start to get wrinkles after ages in storage. What is storage if not the cubicle where a woman learns how to be a proper man? USO USO USO! United States Of... what?

2. After ten thousand years we see the end of a stable era, oh holocene! Not a big deal for us, the beet can grow anywhere in any condition, any season, any soil. We thrive on chaos, grow from messiness into... what manifestation of beauty? We are an idealistic produce.

3. We reject the binary political system, run away with our tail between our legs! Nuance is our love language. We grind up facts, roll them into philosophies, smoke them into questions. We don't need big trucks, guns under our pillows. How many gallons of gasoline does a gun need? Beets are a gentle folk. Some of us are heirloom, saved from our grandfathers and grandmothers. Some are new eccentric roots. Come one come all, march in shamelessly, new beets!

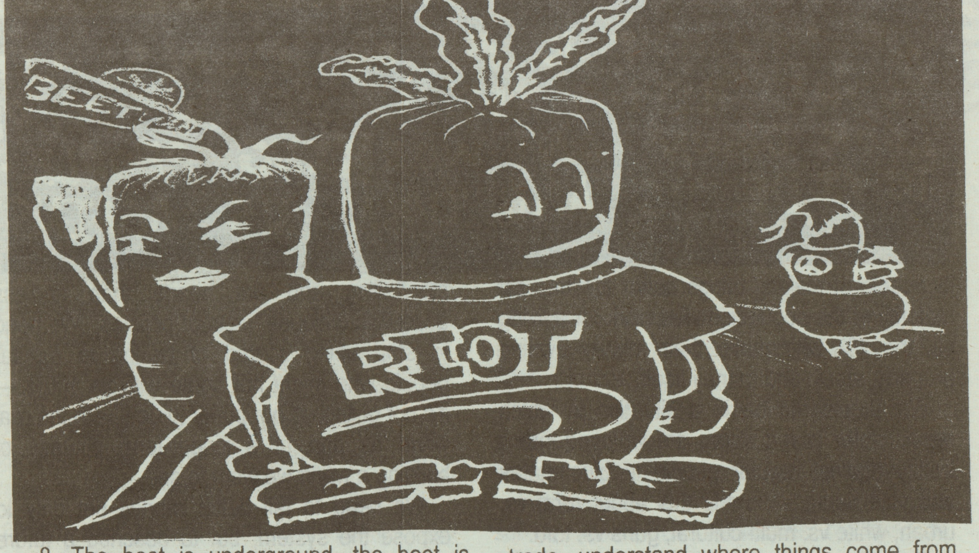
4. In this era of infinite information, we adventure through the labyrinth of digital popcorn. The world is massive, yet small. Knowledge is infinite, but we can invite her over and talk all night. We can watch a movie, if we have a television. If not we can chop wood and read stories in tree rings. We can have a potluck with our astrobiogeodendrolocofolklorologist fellas. Just make a good argument and you can stay for dinner. We tend to our swelling heads, so our harvest can be bountiful.

5. If you ask some old timers they will tell you that we are lucky because today it is so easy to travel. We don't believe that. We are traveler souls and we would travel in any epoch. Histrionics of the middle age. Immigrants of colonialism. Beatniks of the fifties. Ravers of the nineties. Dimensional travelers of the future. We are all of that. Sometimes also more. We are seasonal workers. We are digital nomads. We can work in boats. We can be ski-teachers. We would still work in mines. For real. Where there is easy money there are beets. We can be everything. We can be everywhere. How to find us? You know that unique smell of soil that a beet has? Follow it!



6. Beets are not running up to the mountains to find a sacred place. Not yet. The beets know that society needs them. They can be urban hikers. They can live on the scraps of the city. Growing in pavement cracks and abandoned lots. Beets can last for months off of peanut butter or cheap white rice. Maybe mixed together. They want to eat local because they don't trust organic. They've been working too much at the bottom to trust any industry. They know the way to happiness is the garden. But not yet. I told you, the beets are on a long mission. The Katastematic pleasure is our final chapter.

7. Beets are the travelers in Australia. Beets are the resistance in Greece. Beets are the trimmers in the Pacific Northwest. Beets are the grape picker in Champagne. Beets are the cherry pickers in the remote south of New Zealand. In the woods of British Columbia. Beets are the young generation of Mexico, of Morocco or Hong Kong. Not all of them. But some of them. Beets are growing among the normal people. Beets are not scared of the social network. They use it, as a tool. But not for living. Beets are activists in the oldest human form. The beets are the people that are acting to change the world. Slowly. No matter on which level of consciousness, they are doing it. Slowly yes, but constantly.



8. The beet is underground, the beet is resilient. They love to be in groups yet they can stand alone. Beets are born beets, they can put down their roots as easily as they can tear them up.

9. Beets can adapt to technology, progress, or to Luddism. We can live in our leaking cabin with only a wood stove, or we can live as van life digital nomads. We can adapt to luxury, and adapt to hardship and austerity. We thrive in a mix. We want to live as many lives as possible. A cat has nine lives, how many does a beet have?

10. Beets can live anywhere, but we have a map marked in golden pen, x's around the world. But Williams is the perfect soil for us. Sandy desert yet teeming with biodiversity. So many of us that we can catch water in the pockets where our roots touch.

11. We beets do not refuse the speed of globalization, of this global village. But we think that some things must slow, go back to the soil. Do you feel that is a paradox? Yes it is. Beets are a paradox and we are not ashamed of it. We are living in it and thriving in it because we know that we cannot escape it. Our world is a paradox, and to deny it would allow it to consume us. We have to work with it. Localize. Slow food, slow wandering. Barter, trade, understand where things come from. From our laptops to our ancestors, from our dinner to our cocaine.

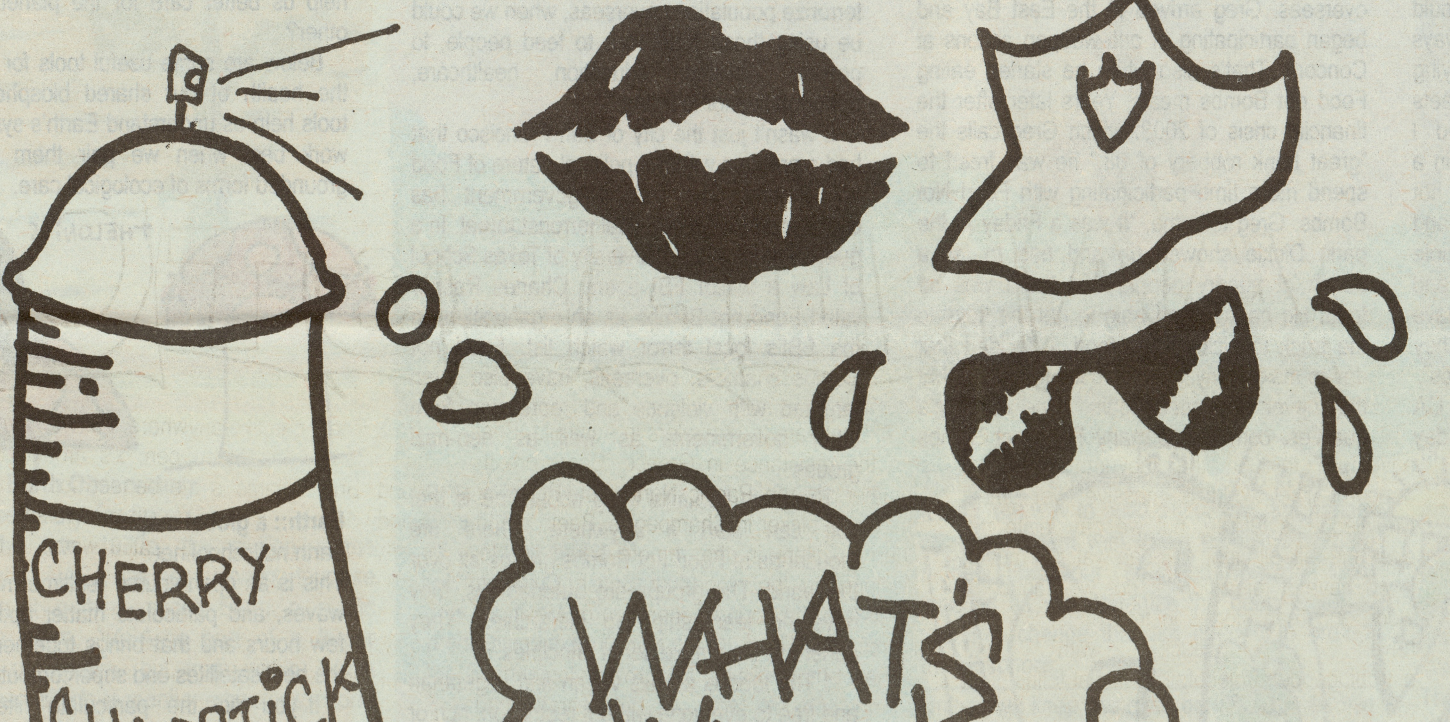
12. Are you a beet? What's your beet name? Oh you soil smeared friends, work for yourself and don't call it work. Take time to talk, and really wake up. We will find each other. Anything for intellect and home cooking. No borders, no visas, no limits. If there are walls, we will take out our Persian rugs and float onwards. If the only way across is to crash through, we will fuck up the wall.

ASH SETTLES

Time passed in this way. Later, he would sit up, slowly, and write on his left arm in big, clear letters: I WILL REST… Switching the pen into his left hand, he wrote in much clumsier and more cramped-up print: …WHEN THE SUN COMES UP. Why must things start so whole, so clean, so clear, and then become so inevitably messy? Why must we witness and create so much beauty only to witness and create such ugly chaos? He compared the messages on his two arms, disappointed in his work but tired enough to accept it. And much later, when the sun came up, he did rest. But his heart never stopped beating.

***

I gravitate towards non-linear methods of protest that are an end in themselves as opposed to a means-to-an-end: instances in which disrespectful forms of defiance such as law-breaking, violence, harassment, vandalism, humor, or theft produce an immediate sense of pleasure, joy, self-preservation, or liberation in state victims. Defiance for the sake of defiance asks us to drop our conceptions of scarcity, to embrace heat and darkness, and to accept that however many times we clean the tent it will always become messy again. [This] is not always for [that]. Volcanoes don't explode so that they can become mountains again; I don't flip off a cop in the hopes that he will respect me more. This exists for this.



***

The boys are like the sky — or the ocean. Vast and blue and beautiful and surging with energy. This now, then that. Light on their feet. If not graceful in their easy successes then full of laughter in their momentary defeats. Once I started to watch, I couldn't stop. As they rolled a spliff I would fill up and then burst with jealousy. The jam begins — a pause in the steady stream of jokes until it becomes a centerpiece in itself — someone flipped over a crate and now there are drums and now there is singing and now I'm lying down in my spilled pool of envy and maybe this is okay? Maybe I can bliss out in this invisibility? Maybe I can melt into this scratchy boy-bedroom carpeting and maybe my formless rage will dissolve into the floorboards and maybe I can feel at peace with being nothing at all?

Solace comes in the form of one tiny yet indisputable fact: I'll never be the sky or the sea. But I can maybe be a bird or a fish.
(Small creatures, maybe, but small creatures with eyes.)

***

On my 21st birthday I was a fish, but a content one, and I couldn't believe the quantities of love that the blue house could hold in one night. I walked in with my sisters, soaking wet from walking along in the mission in the rain, and the boys were sitting at the piano or had picked up drums, guitars, and were playing a jazzified happy birthday to greet me. Justin made raspberry chocolate cake and in the kitchen they were already listening to Defiance Ohio and taking shots. I singed off most of my eyelashes on my crush's spliff and drank too many beers and danced a lot and probably cried at one point. In the morning, on the balcony with Maddy, I confessed that I knew I didn't deserve any of it.

"Lola." She gave me this look. "Will you quit it with the scarcity narrative. There's so much flowing out of everyone here, and we still all try to deny it of ourselves. It's insane…" She gestured haphazardly at the sky and the street and the sun and the garden and our friends eating breakfast in the kitchen. I nodded, understanding her point. It all seemed so precious to me in that moment.

We slipped back into the kitchen and I was handed a burnt piece of toast with jam, and Wild Dog tried to grab a bite, and someone started playing *Trees and Flowers* on the speaker. Maddy raised her eyebrows at me, and suddenly I was thinking about how the ocean needs the fish as much as the fish needs the ocean, and inexplicably, as I smiled back at her, I felt I knew exactly what she was thinking without her having to say it —

Do you really think any of this beauty could exist without your eyes seeing it… your mouth tasting it…your skin feeling it… your heart racing with it…

***

Some ideas on exciting and pleasurable defiance:

Catcall a cop

Take a trip to the Aleutian mountain range, watch Paviot erupt

Do the dishes

Fall in love with one of your friends

Write down a list of people you would do anything for, then do the things for the people

Drop the scarcity narrative: instead of melting into the carpet, offer what you can offer

Observe the flight of a beach bat at dusk

***

My friends are the long dry yellow grass on the mountain. Sometimes, just here for the season. Sometimes too easy to get lost in. When we are all together it's usually guitar playing and ocean swimming and making fun of each other. But when conversation edges away from our immediate surroundings and tips into the wider world, I'm often asked about the whole burning it down thing — how is that supposed to work? How can we justify violent and destructive revolution with this sun that feels so good on this beach? With this peach that is so sweet with that cigarette that's so perfectly rolled with Flo, standing there on the shoreline, looking so beautiful by the waves?

I'll run sand through my fingers slowly, thinking about the shiny sliver of light we exist in — healthy and comfortable and Californian — compared to the dark struggle that is home to most of the world, everyone who suffers through life so that we can enjoy it. Thinking about how we have to burn it down for those who maybe don't have the matches or the energy to strike them right now, but who badly need it burned.

But instead of saying all this, maybe I get up and join Flo where the waves are breaking, deciding it's all kind of bullshit anyways. You can't split the world up into people living in sunlight and people living in darkness. Even if you could — there's cloudy days to consider, nights lit up with stars, full moons over the ocean — eclipses. We all contribute to the system; we all hurt because of it. So while I know that my privilege is crafted out of the oppression of another girl on another beach, maybe a few thousand miles south or a few thousand miles east, and while I know that because I have been randomly placed into this position of privilege it would be beneficial for me to bring destruction, chaos, and violence into our space of naturalized calm and manufactured peace, I also know that I am never going to save anyone, nor do I want to. We have to do this for ourselves as much as we have to do it for anyone else. I shoplift and graffiti frat houses and harass cops because maybe it can help even the scales; because even the most immaculate houses can have mold under their floorboards — but I'm not doing it out of any sense of duty, out of any notion that my proximity to whiteness and to wealth and to resources makes me any more capable of change than the rest of the world. At the end of the day, my everyday attempts at "burning it down" come from a few simple motivators. One: I feel like I'd die if I didn't.
Two: it feels good.

Three: the yellow grass on the mountain. On my dad's 56th birthday we found out about the tumor in my grandma's lung. Life is frenzied, complex, buzzing in your ears and whirling before your eyes — and then all of a sudden, out of nowhere, life becomes jarringly simple. You live, you age, you die. Your life is not all of the things you might do. It's not the image you cling to of yourself in a far-away future: backpacking through Argentina, settling down in a house with pink roses growing in the front yard — rest, a clean tent, a sunrise. Life is what you did today, and that feeling you get when autumn begins, and the people you have been loving for some time now. The night of my dad's birthday, as I leaned against the railings on our deck and inhaled Tommy's cigarette, I fixed my eyes on a blue star directly above me. Then I looked to the left, at Tommy and Elliot laughing with my mom in the doorway. Both images gave me the same feeling, which was that maybe this is the whole point — looking at stars and looking at you guys and then looking at stars again—little moments where all my layers of feeling take a concrete shape, like a burning blue sun or three people I love in casual conversation — witnessing my life in the split seconds in which it occurs rather than as a series of things I do to reach a specific outcome —

The purpose of "burning it down," then, goes deeper than our ambition to start over, to create something new. We also have this very human need to warm up by the flames. Admire the ash. Kiss, laugh, and dance in the heat. Participate in that ancient, inexorable pendulum swing between dormancy and explosion; then peer closely at each other in the firelight, noticing what before, we might never have seen.

And when the sun comes up, and when the ash settles, we will rest.

tell me a story..

REVOLUTIONARY FREE LUNCH

East Bay Food not Bombs
Serving Location: People's Park
Time: Everyday at 3:00 PM
By Nameless

I first encountered Food not Bombs while wandering the streets of Eureka, California. It was Sunday afternoon and the soup kitchens were closed. The local "Rescue Mission" in Eureka, which did serve dinners and breakfast, looked more like a military compound with high fences and gates surrounding it. They referred to the food they provided as "services". If you pissed them off, were too loud, or were drunk, they would refuse you "services". They also were always trying to help those in need find low paying service sector jobs. So, wandering the streets of Eureka on a Sunday, hungry and tired, I came across a group of people standing in a little plaza. Two people were handing out hot food: a vegan burrito (lentils, rice, and potatoes), some water, and pastries. People were standing around, cheerful, eating and talking. It was the most wonderful meal I have ever eaten. I asked them what group they were with and they replied, "Food not Bombs".

I came across FnB *again* in Berkeley, CA while staying around People's Park. One day after eating a meal, I asked members if they needed help preparing the food. I found out that Wednesdays and Thursdays were always accepting volunteers. That's how I learned the difference between solidarity and charity: preparing food with Greg on Wednesday mornings...

Wednesday morning I walked into the kitchen, pots and pans clanging. Greg is standing at the sink draining beans. Boxes of produce line the counter. I pick out a knife and a cutting board. I sort through the produce: lettuce, tomatoes, peppers, fennel, greens. I grab a bowl and a colander. I grab the ripest tomatoes, some peppers, some fennel, and some celery. I stand at the sink and wash each vegetable. Then, I sort through the lettuce, tearing off and discarding bad pieces. The fresh pieces I wash, each leaf. I start cutting the produce for the salad while Greg is making the pasta. I've been watching him make it every Wednesday and Thursday for months but I still haven't figured out why Greg's pasta is so damn good.

I ask Greg when he started volunteering with Food not Bombs. He tells me he's been volunteering for 14 years. He had traveled here to support his friend Brian Willson who was an activist trying to prevent weapons from the Concord Naval Weapons Station from being shipped to Central America. In one such action, Willson and other activists tried to block a weapons train from leaving, but the conductor of the train had been advised not to stop the train. The train struck Willson, leading to the amputation of both of his legs. Greg had originally planned to travel to Nicaragua to prevent the Contras from terrorizing the population, but had decided first to try to prevent the weapons from being transported overseas. Greg arrived in the East Bay and began participating in anti-weapon actions at Concord. That's also when he started eating Food not Bombs meals. Years later after the financial crisis of 2008, which Greg calls the "great bank robbery of 08," he was freed to spend more time participating with Food Not Bombs. Greg tells me, "It was a Friday at the park. Dickie showed up and had to tell a bunch of hungry people that there was no food. He hadn't been able to get the keys to the truck to pick up the food. I decided that day to make it my mission in life to ensure that that never happened again." One of Greg's qualities, common to many Food not Bombs volunteers is that they are not deterred from providing free food to people. I recall one time when the FnB truck didn't show up on time at the kitchen for volunteers to take the food to the park. Greg loaded all the food onto food carts and volunteers pushed the food 8 blocks to Peoples Park. Greg serves ***every*** Wednesday and Thursday at People's Park at 3:00 PM and every Sunday in Oakland. The determination of Food not Bombs to its principles has existed since its founding.

I spoke with Keith McHenry who helped start the first Food not Bombs chapter in Cambridge, MA, and later the second chapter in San Francisco. After 8 years of providing meals and conducting activist actions around Boston, McHenry said it was a little shocking how the city of San Francisco responded to Food not Bombs. In August of 1988, McHenry and eight others were arrested for serving free food. The arrests continued for years. Thousands of volunteers were arrested. McHenry was arrested over 100 times. I asked McHenry if he was ever deterred from continuing with Food not Bombs after the police crackdown. He responded, "Hell no, no one is going to stop me from serving Food not Bombs meals." McHenry stated that he believed it wasn't the fact that they were providing free food that caused the city to respond in such a manner, but rather that they had a political message. They were serving food to the public in busy places where diverse groups of people of all economic classes were present. They were shining a light on the failures of capitalism, providing activist literature, sparking conversations, and asking a simple question: "With all of this wealth and resources, why are we building, selling, and using weapons to kill, maim, and terrorize populations overseas, when we could be using those resources to feed people, to provide housing, education, healthcare, opportunities for learning."

It wasn't just the city of San Francisco that had a problem with the political nature of Food not Bombs. The federal government has considered FnB a potential terrorist threat. In a guest lecture at the University of Texas School of Law a senior FBI agent, Charles Rasner listed Food not Bombs as an organization on the FBI's local terror watch list. Food not Bombs chapters, overseas, have also been targeted with violence and repression from other governments as well as neo-nazi groups.

The most beautiful thing about FnB is that *you* can start it anywhere. There are thousands of Food not Bombs groups all over the world. The groups are autonomous, they have no leadership, no hierarchies. They adhere to the simple set of principles:

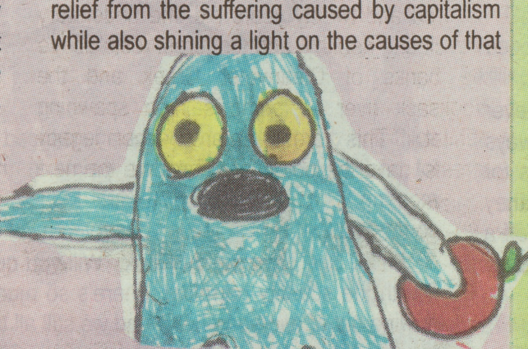
1.The food is always vegan and vegetarian and free to everyone without restriction, rich or poor, stoned, drunk, or sober.

2. Food not Bombs has no formal leaders or headquarters, and every group is autonomous and makes decisions using the consensus process.

3. Food not Bombs is dedicated to nonviolent direct action and works for nonviolent social change.

McHenry's advice for a FnB group is to serve food in a busier location and at a time of day when lots of people are on the streets. He said that in addition to food, groups should have a literature table with pamphlets or zines.

Food not Bombs is a powerful model for solidarity and mutual aid. They provide some relief from the suffering caused by capitalism while also shining a light on the causes of that suffering by engaging with the wider public in conversations as to the causes of poverty and food insecurity. Food not Bombs also confronts us constantly with a simple question: "Why should our resources and taxes go into killing, maiming, and terrorizing populations overseas when it could be spent on feeding every person, providing resources for learning, for healthcare, for housing?"

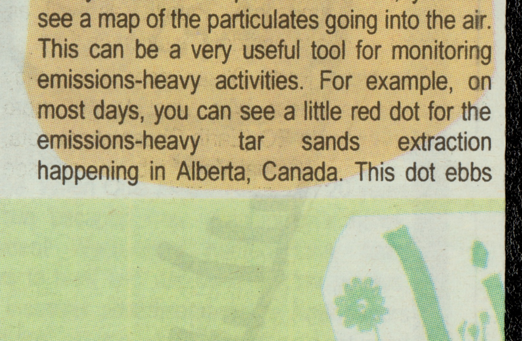


ECO

"The challenge of modernity is.to live without illusions and without becoming disillusioned." – Antonio Gramsci
By Bean

There are some who say we must "return to the old ways" to save the planet. And yet, without modern technology, we would not be aware of the amount of carbon in the atmosphere, nor would we be able track the effects of human behaviors on the Earth's water-air-life systems (sometimes called *biogeophysics*). How do we hold space for the old ways and the new? What technologies can help us better care for the planet and each other?

Below are some useful tools for monitoring the health of our shared biosphere. These tools help us understand Earth's systems, and work best when we pair them with more grounded forms of ecological care.



Earth:: a global map
earth.nullschool.net
This is an open-source realtime map of wind, waves, and particulate matter updated every few hours and that brings together data from the best satellites and supercomputers.

If you click the "particulate" filter, you can see a map of the particulates going into the air. This can be a very useful tool for monitoring emissions-heavy activities. For example, on most days, you can see a little red dot for the emissions-heavy tar sands extraction happening in Alberta, Canada. This dot ebbs

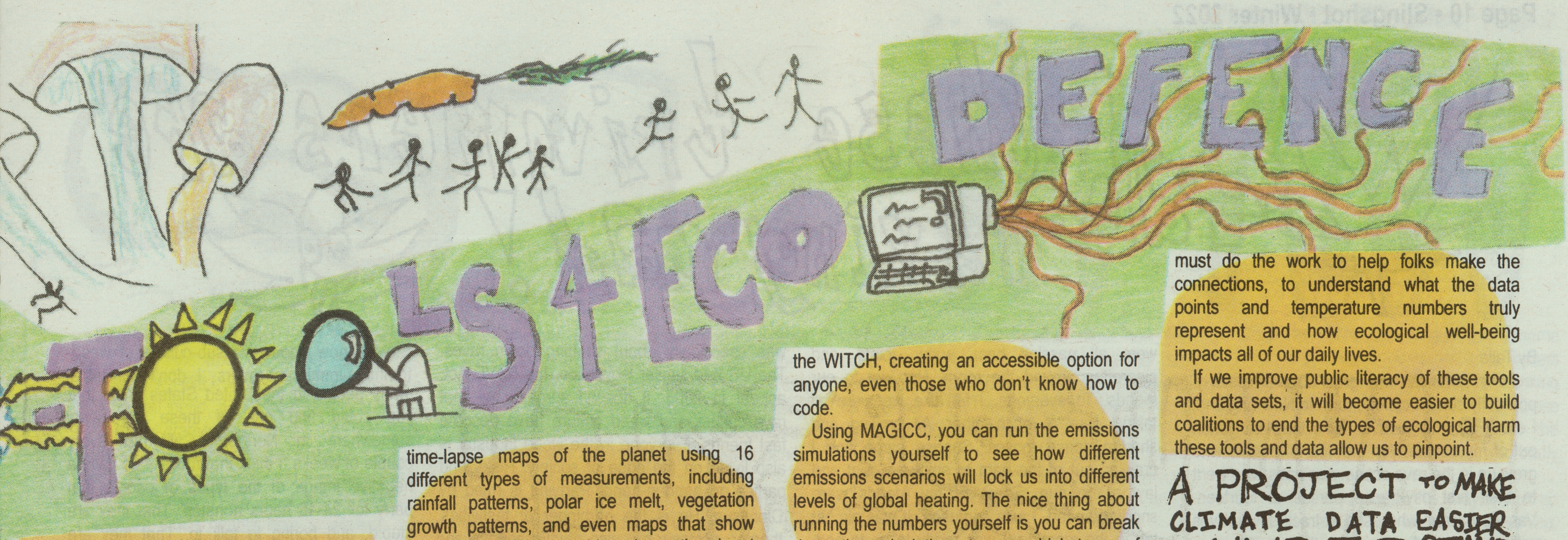
[redacted]

By Smelly Bird

The city I live in used to be an old growth forest, and likely yours too.

There were never streets filled with asphalt but streams filled with clean, clear water. Not parking garages and high rises casting shadows but trees, whose growth was uninterrupted, nurtured, and respected. Now, our cities are miles from the nearest forest, concrete islands placated with a handful of green spaces and a mile or so of undeveloped waterfront.

Not long ago, almost the entire coast of the Pacific Northwest was densely forested. From the late 1800s to mid 1900s, forests within the borders of Washington became the seemingly endless bucket from which to pull in order to supply the rest of the country with lumber at the height of industrialization. Now, old growth forests are rare, coveted survivors of settler colonization, landing pads for daydreams and mysteries and vacationers from the east coast.



TOOLS 4 ECO DEFENCE

and flows depending on the rate of extraction occurring that day. Worth keeping in mind: the particulate map also tracks sandstorms and dust blowing up into the air, so do your research before assuming that a given red patch is related to CO2 emissions. Still, it's a very useful tool, and worth checking once a week, if not every day, to get into the practice of pinpointing where the greatest sources of emissions in your region can be found.

NASA's Earth Observatory
earthobservatory.nasa.gov

Since the late 1970s, the civilian space organization NASA has been working to make the data it gathers about Earth a public resource. Sure, NASA is part of a larger messed up empire, but from within NASA we've seen efforts to monitor emissions, ozone holes, and atmospheric health, as well as ecosystem health and deforestation on land.

The NASA Earth Observatory is a handy resource for those who want to get more comfortable with EO (Earth Observation) data. If you click the "Global Maps" tab, you can see time-lapse maps of the planet using 16 different types of measurements, including rainfall patterns, polar ice melt, vegetation growth patterns, and even maps that show how much radiation is able to leave the planet and escape into space, allowing the planet to cool. Each of these maps includes links to the data sets that were used to generate them, which often include various satellite arrays. This website is a solid resource for those who wish to dive deeper into Earth monitoring data sets. A nice 16-day meditation can be structured around spending a day with each map, and getting to know the data sets it is linked to.

WITCH and MAGICC
witchmodel.org | magicc.org

This is hands down the best open-source predictive climate model out there! Created by the European Institute on Economics and the Environment, WITCH is one of only six computer models of Earth approved for use by IPCC, as it draws upon the work of thousands of scientists to model the way Earth's systems will respond to many types of human activity. MAGICC is an easy-to-use open-source tool that allows you to run emissions scenarios on the WITCH, creating an accessible option for anyone, even those who don't know how to code.

Using MAGICC, you can run the emissions simulations yourself to see how different emissions scenarios will lock us into different levels of global heating. The nice thing about running the numbers yourself is you can break down the calculations to see which types of behavior could be changed to avert the worst outcomes. It can be sobering to face the reality that we are currently on track to lock in a catastrophic 10.8°F increase in average global temperature by 2100.

Creating a data model to run through an Earth model is a lot like knitting; it's calming. This can be a good practice to do in groups. It's a great way to build discussion and hands-on engagement with these predictive climate models that our so-called leaders keep ignoring as we strategize the deep levels of systemic change that are needed to protect the biosphere.

Unless we keep our eyes on the data, certain ecological wounds may escape our knowledge and get bigger. Can we use Earth Observation (EO) data as a tool, the way a doctor or healer might use a stethoscope?

These tools are useless, however, if people don't understand what they represent. We must do the work to help folks make the connections, to understand what the data points and temperature numbers truly represent and how ecological well-being impacts all of our daily lives.

If we improve public literacy of these tools and data sets, it will become easier to build coalitions to end the types of ecological harm these tools and data allow us to pinpoint.

A PROJECT TO MAKE CLIMATE DATA EASIER TO UNDERSTAND

While current IPCC climate data has its uses, there are a number of issues and oversights with the data, including forms of racism embedded within the data parameters and models. This can create tension and burnout, shutting down efforts to create better climate data communication tools. This is a pretty big problem. Love and care needs to go into making climate data communication tools otherwise people won't be able to understand them.

Case in point: A 2020 study found that at the IPCC gathering that year, some data sets were represented so poorly — with weird-looking graphs that no one could make sense of — that a *majority* of the decision-makers made opposite conclusions about what the data actually said. This is bad news.

Climate data needs to be comprehensible, especially for these dang policymakers who are making decisions that affect the future of all life on this planet. The public needs to understand climate data too — perhaps even more so than the policymakers. This is because policymakers will only do things if the public rewards them for it. So, if there isn't broad public understanding of climate data, we're going to keep being stuck with these milquetoast climate policy decisions.

Hayley from Slingshot Collective who is part of the Critical Code Studies Working Group has teamed up with LM Bogad, author of *Performing Truth* and co-founder of the Clandestine Insurgent Rebel Clown Army (CIRCA) to work towards the creation of a new set of climate data tools. These tools offer data justice interventions, while also making climate data easier to understand and more engaging. They presented their ideas at a gathering of climate data scientists over the summer, and are now working with atmospheric scientists to develop climate data tools that are both accurate and accessible.

This project could use some support: crowdfund.ucdavis.edu/project/32933

fe is Still here

save Washington's legacy forests

When I walk through the timber sale labeled 'Box of Rain', stumps from the first logging boom stand out like monoliths, sometimes I feel like I can see their ghosts towering over the new canopy. Forests like these are considered "Legacy Forests", a term applied to a forest that was previously logged, but not reseeded as a plantation. These forests are unique because they were logged only for the biggest and easiest trees, before the days of chainsaws and herbicides, and thus still contain native and ancient biodiversity. The largest trees in Box of Rain are eighty to one hundred and twenty years old, the understory is thick and healthy, and the forest rests above the banks of Clearwater Creek and the Nooksack river — prime salmon spawning habitat. This forest, and all other legacy forests, have the potential to become the next generation of old growth, as long as Washington State doesn't clear cut them. There are hundreds of unprotected legacy forests like Box of Rain on state land slated to be logged in the next decade, totaling up to around 77,000 acres.

FORESTS LIKE THIS ARE
CALLED LEGACY FORESTS
A TERM APPLIED TO
A FOREST PREVIOUSLY
LOGGED

SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE I CAN SEE
THEIR GHOSTS TOWERIN' OVER THEIR STUMPS

Forest defense often starts many miles from the forest, in council meetings, living rooms, and backyards. In so-called Bellingham, a small group of activists have spearheaded a grassroots campaign to protect Legacy Forests long before the chainsaws will ever get a chance to bite wood. Awareness is rising and community support of forest protection is mounting. Box of Rain garnered the DNR (Department of Natural Resources) over one hundred and twenty letters of dissent before the sale was even approved for auction. A larger campaign to convince DNR to drop the proposed plans to log all state owned legacy forests is underway — defenders are organizing community forest walks, field checking sale units, petitioning, talking to our neighbors, and speaking at local council meetings. This side of forest defense is often overlooked, but because of these above ground efforts the larger community is talking, engaging, and uniting with one another through a passion for preserving the old forests we have left.

Trying to get a corrupt system to listen to the people it's supposed to serve can be exhausting, having to kiss up to a council is demoralizing, and writing letters and signing petitions doesn't necessarily make me feel like a radical — but it's worked to pause the sales of two other legacy forests locally in the past year. We're prepared to use frontlines tactics in the woods if we need to, but as of now see that as a last resort to protect these forests.

This is resistance, much like a forest it's sometimes slow moving, quiet, and always transforming.

For more updates on the Box of Rain timber sale and the protection of Legacy Forests look for @bellingham.forest.defense on Instagram

Woah, these trimmers are raving mad!

By Talia

As an american who grew up in a hipster-y, politically correct college town in New England, I didn't grow up a raver. Now that I've gotten out of my bubble, I've met lots of people who grew up in the rave scene. Austrians who went to their first psy-trance parties at fourteen. Van-life Italians who used to track down raves with gps coordinates like they were geo-caches. Germans who can ID different types of electronic music like I can ID vegetable seedlings. Bouncy house, dark psy, progressive, swamp, jungle.... Here I am, having to read Wikipedia articles with little audio samples attached to them like some old man who's trying to get 'hip with the times'. Americans who grew up in the bay area, sneaking out their parents' windows to get rained on with human sweat. Returning home smelling like way-too-grown-up-body-odor. Tech kids from Chicago that found their first refuge from bullies in underground warehouse raves full of weirdos just like them.

> I had to eat a lot of molly to stop worrying about the fact that I was wearing farm boots & a T-shirt while everyone else was a half naked furry animal.

The first time I ever left home, I did find my way to a rave in LA. I had to eat a lot of molly to stop worrying about the fact that I was wearing farm boots and a T-shirt while everyone else was a half-naked furry animal. I paid twenty bucks for the experience, and it was pretty commercial.

I can't say I'd thought much about raves in the following years. I'd always had an interest, but I wasn't connected with any underground ravers, and I was pretty clear that the raves in clubs are lame.

When I moved to super rural Southern Oregon, I discovered a surprising rave scene. My introduction was, strangely enough, through my passion for writing. I was working at a recreational marijuana farm with this Italian guy who was a writing maniac. We started hanging out often, making dinner and working on a manifesto. We finished the manifesto, and started working on a book together, a timepiece of the weed work culture on the west coast. We were chugging steadily along, when suddenly he had a strict deadline for us. We have to get out half of this book, publish it as a zine, and bring it to this rave that's like six hours away. It's french. It's gonna be good. I don't think he expected me to come. But my curiosity was piqued. I was for sure going to this rave.

We drove all the way down, basically to San Francisco, with a whole caravan. Five Italians, a German, a Spanish girl, a Mexican girl, some dude from South Africa, and me. It was awesome. Maybe two hundred people in a barn from every country imaginable. Everyone was a trimmer. Almost no one was american, and you could definitely spot the ones that were. Looking a little awkward, usually a pretty big guy who was probably a grower with a beer pressed against his chest. We were right at the front, and some of my friends were taking turns pressing their ear against the speaker. It was transcendent and silly. We were all passing beer, water, joints, and cigarettes around the room. Not just to our friends. To everyone. I felt like we were all taking care of each other. All smiling and sharing dance moves. Sunrise came and I crawled out of the barn to smoke a joint and lay in the sun. Some of my friends were snorting speed. I was confused. It was almost ten in the morning. I was ready to go to bed. But another stage was starting up. We had the most epic view of the valley below us. Partying on the edge of a mountain. The organizers had set up couches and rugs and tables all around and some people were lounging while others were still dancing. The music was still good. Fuck.

That was my introduction to the European rave culture that has found its way to the west coast. The next one, I was more prepared. I might be parked in for over twenty four hours. I should take a nap at some point during the night or around sunrise so that I can be fresh for the morning sets. Bring earplugs.

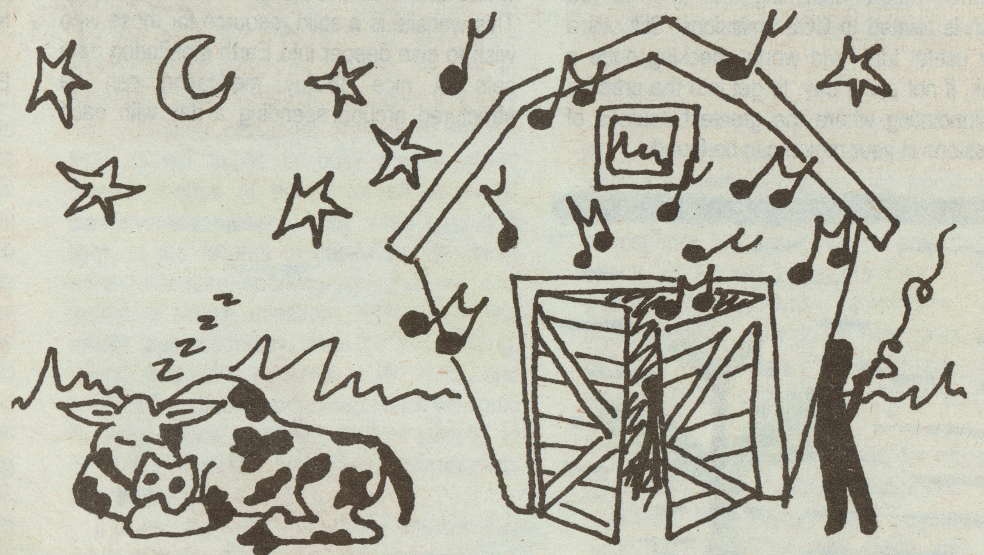
It was well organized anarchy at it's best. I've since heard the term 'institutionalization of revelry'. It's a sad thought. I'll never lose my love for seeing one of my favorite bands play, but this real freedom made me so happy. Plus, the production was basically... just as good. It was professional level, maybe even beyond professional, because there were no bureaucratic hoops to jump through.

Now I am so curious, what is the history of European raves? How did they find their way to the west coast? Are they exclusively associated with the immigrant trim-scene, or is there a longer history?

Is this a counterculture that will continue to grow and spread?

Raves became illegal in the UK in the 90s due to certain legislation. The Entertainments Act in 1990. Then there was the Criminal Justice and Public Order Act of 1994, which was specifically about shutting down raves. The US had similar legislation, the RAVE Act, appear in 2003. It doesn't surprise me that rave culture and weed culture have become fast friends. Everyone in the weed industry is also living on the edge of society. Risks and parties go hand-in-hand. Partying is ruled by Dionysus. He is the harbinger of festivities, theater, ecstasy; but also ritual madness and insanity.

Who are these European ravers that found their way to the west coast? They are adventurous ones, for sure. Travelers, creative money-makers. They actually talk to each other. How else do you hear about raves and trim jobs? Word of mouth. They also are primarily Southern Europeans. I suppose the traits of Southern Europe that are most relevant to this essay are the higher focus on the collective and the family than the individual, as well as higher poverty. The people who the system is built to serve have no need to step outside of the system.



I don't think that many people in the United States know about this sub-culture of weed-trimming-immigrant-ravers. I don't think that many people in the United States know that you could find one of these big raves somewhere in Northern California every couple of weeks. I think that most of us have a negative image of the types of people that party for 24-48 hours nonstop. That they are stupid, and boring to talk to. That they are draining society instead of contributing to it. That they are from rich families, wasting their potential. Experiencing this new kind of rave made me realize that I had a lot of these stereotypes. That I should think more on the subject. That these sorts of extended parties can actually be a thoughtful, intentional form of protest. Perhaps a more sustainable protest against society, since it's one that connects us through joy and love.

Member Rogue Writers Guild @roguexwriters

SO-CALLED WASHINGTON STATE

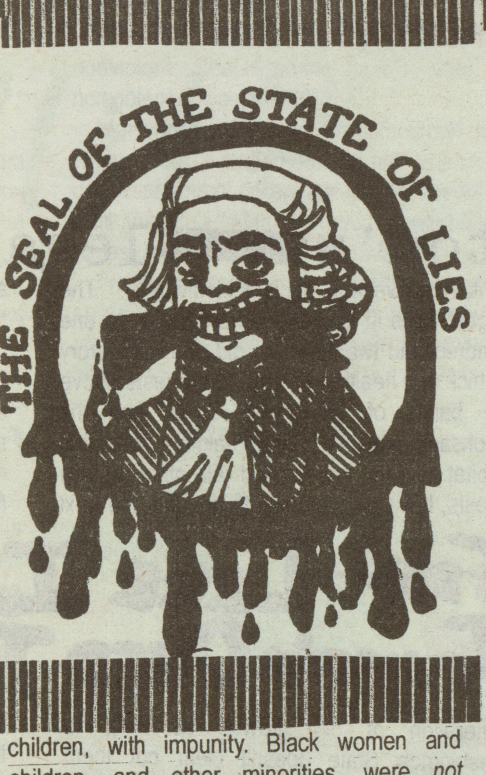
By Scott Smith #278891

Washington state is the only state in the USA named after a major slave owner, slave trader, slave hunter and slave killer: George Washington. He never once set foot on any land comprised of the state of Washington.

George Washington's legacy of being heavily engaged in human trafficking is celebrated daily with his clear and distinct facial image on the Washington state flag, the Washington state seal, and on countless other official accoutrements.

As a slave owner, George Washington owned plantations where enslaved men, women and children were forced into labor against their will. Failure to comply resulted in beatings with a leather horse whip, or other forms of violence, including death.

George Washington prohibited slaves from marrying each other, and if relationships were discovered between slaves, then one of them would be sold to a different plantation. Any children from illegal slave relationships became the property of George Washington. He would sell the young children at a premium to other plantations. More than 293 enslaved children were born and sold by George Washington's plantations. Some slave children were given as gifts to other wealthy white plantation owners. The laws by George Washington as president of the United States made it so white men could rape black women and children, and other minority women and children, with impunity. Black women and children, and other minorities, were *not* considered human beings, but rather, animals, livestock and property.


THE SEAL OF THE STATE OF LIES

Ona Maria Judge was a female slave born on George Washington's plantation. At the age of nine (9) years old she was taken from her mother to live in Washington's home to be a service maid for George Washington's wife, Martha. When Ona Judge was about 20 years old she escaped from Washington's home. President Washington hunted Ona, hired others to hunt her, deployed wanted posters, and installed advertisements in newspapers rewarding anyone who captured and returned her. Ona was never captured, nor freed, even after Washington's death. Ona became the exclusive hunted slave property of Martha Washington.

George Washington never took responsibility for owning, trading, hunting and killing slaves. "Lost in that story is a cemetery of people enslaved by George Washington." See: "The 1619 Project", Nikole Hannah-Jones, at page 130.

It is a sad day when a state government glorifies the senseless pain, torture and murder of a multitude of minority slaves by the first president of the United States, who actively engaged in human trafficking by owning slaves, trading slaves, hunting slaves and killing slaves for personal gain, financial profit and political status. No valid reason exists to name the state of Washington after George Washington, except to intentionally inflict pain and suffering on minorities. It is time to change the name of the state of Washington.

If not you, who? If not now, when?

Write Scott Smith #278891 at 191 Constantine Way, Aberdeen, WA 98520

Revolutionary SOUP FOR THE SOUL

By jazz

We are human beings having human experiences, many of which are alive in beauty and pain. Yet overarching that we are spiritual beings, souls, having a human experience, all of which are alive in profound purposefulness. As a yoga practitioner and teacher, I am often faced with the notion of Karma. Karma is all about the soul and little about the human. That being said, it has everything to do with humanity. One's soul is the main character of their Karmic purpose.

The cycles of Karma speak to living from a place of deeply rooted intention. If you as a human can't grasp how to do that from a place of deep meaning, your soul will one day find its way back here on Earth, with another human, to have another go. So the goal of the gurus and of many contemporary practitioners who subscribe to the philosophy of yoga is to get to a place of oneness with themselves and those around them while they're here, as this is one way we can get closer to achieving our purpose. This looks different to every person, but the intentionality behind it is the same. To achieve oneness as a human from a soul level is to free the soul from the bleakness of the Earth and promise its return home; to Nirvana, to the universe, to the freeing nothingness that comprises everything.

The existence of our souls is one of neutrality. Souls are like everything else when in their states of equilibrium; they just are. They are not good or bad, not friendly or rude, not excellent or subpar, they just are. My soul and yours are made out of stardust, cloud vapor, the cool ocean breeze, snow from the caps of Patagonia. They are here to take up divine space, re-filling this universe with the natural pureness that it bestows on us. Our free will and individuality are supposed to enhance this beauty.

Individuality is the art of the universe. It was gifted to us in the form of DNA, cells, neurotransmitters all situated at the brain stem and throughout the brain. Humanity carries the legacy of hyper-consciousness. We are the rebels, the uplifters, the creators, the ones capable of achieving a greatness that is so good only our brains can comprehend it holistically. If only our prefrontal cortexes, the part of the brain largely responsible for our individuality, led us to more of that beautiful, fulfilling creation and less to creative means of destruction.

The thing is, the art of individuality is an easy thing to get caught up in. We alone are only one piece of the massive artwork that is life. The pieces of this mural are beautiful individually and deserve to know that, to feel that, but a mural is not complete in its beauty unless all parts are together, in oneness. So why do we stand alone in this magnificent and decaying piece of art we call Earth? Our souls' intent may not be to return, but they and we are here to rain on the drought of unintentionality. While we are here, there is sacred space to reclaim, the very space being taken up by settler societies and failing systems, and we can only reclaim and reinvent this space with the oneness, the soulfulness, that comprises community.

The reality is that this is a time where so much of our work **MUST** begin from investigating why we are here right now.
look around you; what is going on??

We are conditioned to leave our divine purposes out of our daily narratives and now more than ever that is an extreme harm. The consciousness of our souls is needed in our revolutionary lives. Our souls are ever present, and in a time where everyone from right-wingers to liberals are talking about 'inclusion', liberation-focused beings are still dropping the ball by forgetting to include the parts of us that are really here to run the show. I don't expect mainstream media of any kind to group in our souls (or our humanity for that matter), but those of us who are committed to revolutionary labor, who are still here after the Occupy movement, after Standing Rock, after the 2020 uprisings, and during Fairy Creek, during several SCOTUS shit shows, and during late stage capitalism, cannot afford to *not* carry our souls on our sleeves.

get in touch with your soul...

We need to ponder our purposes in community. We must talk about what our points of view are beyond the 2 dimensions of everyday life. A higher purpose is always present, so no longer can we fail to include it. Our prefrontal cortex needs to bear witness to our souls, which means you need to know from day to day that your soul is there and it knows you, human. It needs you to use your individuality to group together with other souls and aid in the deliverance of the good Karma that our world deserves.

Late stage capitalism exists in austerity. I'm sure it reaches you, revolutionary. I'm sure it touches your emotional body in a way that is oftentimes overwhelming. I know and I feel the way it affects our capacities to be present in this work daily, to keep it going, to feel hope. But we are not alone. What an annoying cliche to hear... but I do not say that because we have comrades or loved ones experiencing similar things, not because many of us are currently laying the framework for a widespread, sustainable anti-capitalist and anti-Empire movement; it is because we are supported by your soul, which is my soul, which is their soul, which is our soul.

We are children of the constellations. In our very being we carry the vapor of cumulus clouds, the cool ocean breeze at dusk, the currents of the Pacific, the answers to all of the questions. I was born on Tycho's crater, my neighbor in the darkness of the Mariana Trench, and you from a single droplet of rain. I was also born in Boulder, my neighbor in Vallejo, and maybe you in Kansas City. It's all interconnected, beautiful, unimaginably real. We are all here together aching for existences that are easier and more worthwhile, coming to terms with the hard work involved in getting us there... and that's okay. A huge part of the work is feeling into the spots that hurt. Next time you do so bear in mind that even though it may feel lonely, so many of us are also in that space. Often, it is our own personal experiences in that space which draw us to the work; so many of our purposes are born from that space.

Everyone that ever existed has been here at a specific time for a specific reason. That reason is usually unknown, and usually not the first thing we investigate (matters of the world around us are more appealing to investigate because they concern the ego and not the soul, but that's another article entirely). The reality is that this is a time where so much of our work MUST begin from investigating why we are here right now. Look around you; what is going on? Now *feel* inside of you; what do you find lingering there in that space? Close your eyes, take a deep breath, and do it again. Somewhere in what comes up for you as you examine the world around you and the one inside of you is a clue to where your soul is leading you. Let it lead.

The town I'm from is ravaged by fires every year that burn houses, harm animals, and can take away days of sunlight. The sacred lands of my Mayan ancestors and relatives, the Q'eqchi, in El Estor, Guatemala are being desecrated by harmful U.S. backed mining practices. The lands I'm privileged enough to benefit from, whether culturally or materially, are center-fold to my soul-human experience. Rooted in my soul is a sacred connection to the land, and to the healing she and I can aid each other in. Time and time again, my purpose leads me back to our Mother Earth and the vulnerability inherent in us both. I wouldn't connect with this inner knowing if I didn't incorporate this spiritual and soul-full self study into my revolutionary labor.

While I research and experience some of these harms, I am also looking inward. I constantly investigate what is coming up for me, where and how it feels in my body, where I feel touched from a moral place, and I go deeper and deeper into those inquiries until something of value shows up in my being. I breathe into the discomfort of healing, knowing that the more I liberate my human body from trauma, the more my soul will take the wheel. It is in true grassroots movements that we find the power inherent within our communities, but to do so we must start from the root; ourselves.

Our humanity as Westerners is codependently attached to our Earthly stimulation. We tornado our way through life, taking down everything in our path regardless of the soul that is offered. We create, destroy, repeat, not keeping in mind the Karmic connections inherent in our actions, not keeping in mind the implications to us on soul levels.

When we embrace that our souls are suppressed bolts of lightning, we can learn how to invite their strike for our ultimate revolutionary benefit. I strike to save my Guatemalan homelands, I strike to return the land I reside on to the Patwin people. I strike to share my soul's narrative, and reach folks who could use the perspective. I strike to liberate my body and yours through intuitive movement and breath. I strike for true freedom for all beings so that after my time here on Earth my soul, our soul, can return to the clouds, sunbathe at the top of Everest, and float amongst the countless universal orbits that become of us, all the while guiding the souls that will return back to Earth to finish the fight for good.

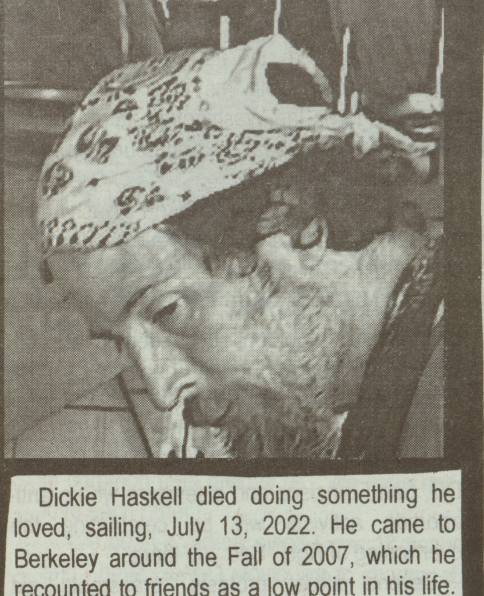
Slingshot free stuff

We'll send you a random assortment of back issues for the cost of postage. Send $4 for 2 lbs. Free if you're an infoshop or library. slingshotcollective.org

---

Dickie Haskell

1977 - 2022



Dickie Haskell died doing something he loved, sailing, July 13, 2022. He came to Berkeley around the Fall of 2007, which he recounted to friends as a low point in his life. The thing that he claimed saved him was People's Park. He started volunteering with Food not Bombs and helping at the park, which led him to moving into legendary Oakland squat Hellarity house. He contributed to many projects around the East Bay including Race to Zero Waste, Gill Tract Farm, Occupy Oakland, the Oak Grove tree sit, and *Slingshot*.

In the months before passing he was sharing an extensive portfolio detailing a proposal to convert landfill refuse into resources, before the liners fail and toxins leach out. Considerate and caring, Dickie frequently checked in with friends to see if they needed support and was willing to ask for a hand when he was down. He was a stellar, resourceful chef, often cooking common redistributed "Natty Choice" (FNB) foods into gourmet dishes for the people by utilizing the "entire" Long Haul spice rack. His enthusiasm was often infectious, a kind of naked idealism that one might mistake for satire if they didn't know better. He truly believed that the solutions are within our grasp, and fiercely but in a friendly way encouraged others to join the cause. He was committed to life and growth, with a strong green thumb that he put to work remediating the land at the Gill Tract farm and People's Park, in Huchiun, un-ceded Lisjan territory. Dickie was a fervent and enthusiastic composter, leading workshops, teach-ins, and a compost affinity group at the Gill Tract farm.

DON'T CHECKOUT JUST YET

Continued from Page 1

body in this place. Maybe that comes from the first birth control pill I took freshman year of high school, which would alter my hormones for ever-after, all so I could have sex with a confused 16-year-old boy who watched too much porn, or maybe it started a long time before that, with the detentions I received at the age of 11 for having and showing "cleavage," or maybe it started even before that, in third grade, when my two best friends and I decided to go on our first diet, to lose weight. At the age of seven. Maybe it even goes back to infancy, when my mother's friends would meet me for the first time and guess whether or not I would be beautiful and, based on this, what kind of life I might lead.

I don't know where the lack of autonomy starts. I just know that I can't remember a time when I really had it. But that's the thing about a heavy weight—it becomes familiar. At some point, it is no longer the foreign object you carry. It's just the hand that used to carry it.

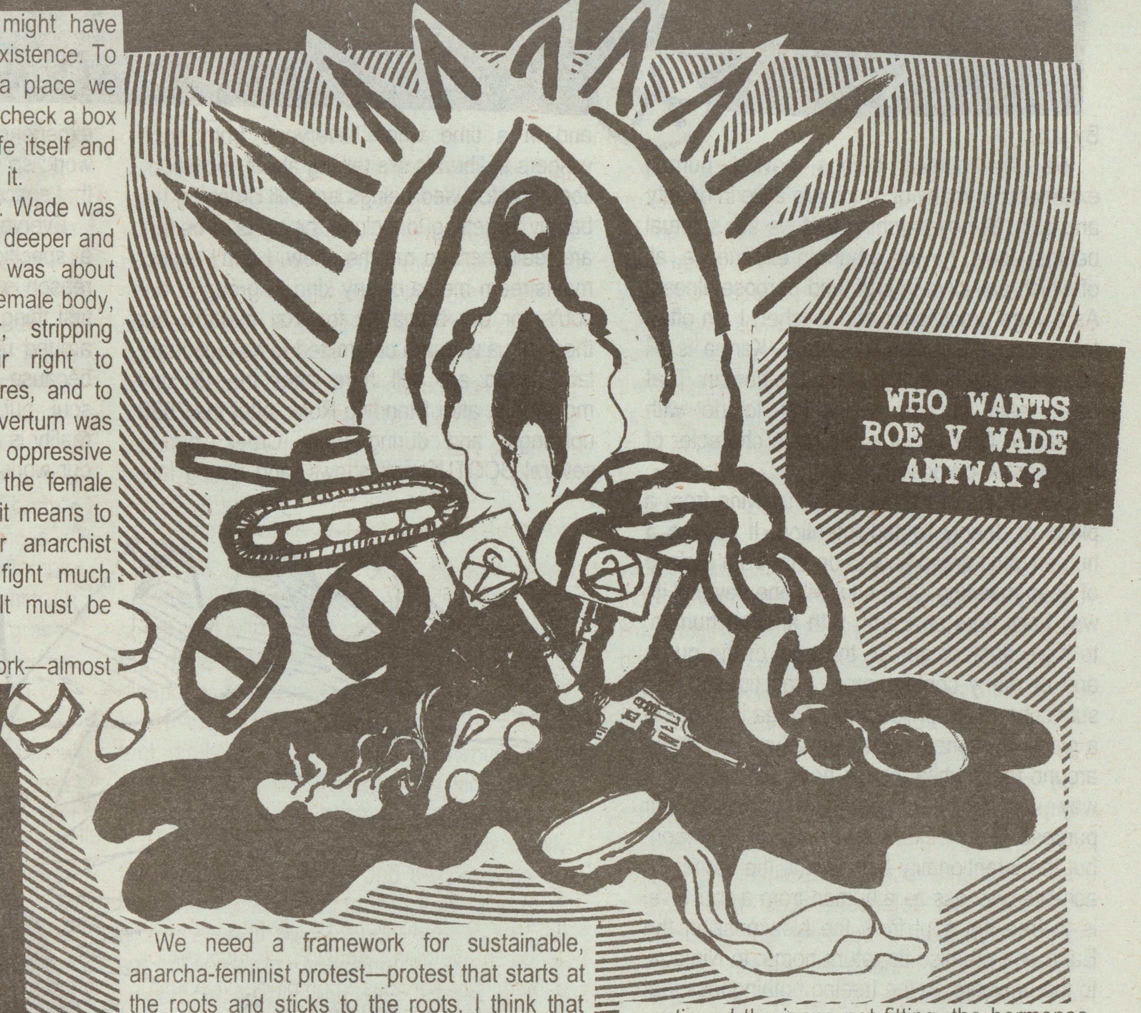
Roe v. Wade was overturned and I didn't bat an eye—but *The Washington Post* did... my Instagram feed did. The mainstream left was all up in arms (haha, if compulsively reposting is our new armed resistance) for their standard 48 hours; liberal media outlets ran their obligatory ~unprecedented times~ cover stories; teenage girls and their moms dressed in green and were safely ushered down blocked-off city streets, cardboard signs in hand.

Then: we washed our hands of the tragedy. The edges dulled, if you had any to start with (I didn't)—and life continued as it was. Only this time, without safe access to abortion.

What the fuuuuck...? The left co-opted our rage before we had two seconds to process it.

The problem with mainstream liberal resistance tactics (or one of them, at least) is that they are not sustainable. Anger is anticipated and quickly molded into catchphrases and petitions; negotiations are promised; a couple of dinner conversations become slightly awkward; maybe we pencil in a different bubble on our ballots a few months down the road. Our lives are our lives *and a couple of months ago the supreme court did something really bad and I got upset about it.* By which I mean, there isn't a shred of congruence between the fleeting anger we felt and the half-hearted things we might have done about it and the rest of our existence. To protest, then, becomes a duty—a place we might go or a thing we might do to check a box rather than an extension of our life itself and the ways we create meaning within it.

For the right, overturning Roe v. Wade was always a project with ambitions far deeper and wider than banning abortion. It was about perpetuating the fungibility of the female body, dehumanizing women of color, stripping oppressed communities of their right to eroticism, to agency, to their futures, and to the futures of their children. The overturn was born out of a long winding road of oppressive tactics geared toward controlling the female body and our conception of what it means to be a woman. And likewise, our anarchist response must be rooted in a fight much bigger than reproductive rights. It must be rooted in reproductive justice.



WHO WANTS
ROE V WADE
ANYWAY?

WHAT IS IT-
A DECREE SIGNED
BY SOME VERY
IMPORTANT MEN
SAYING I GET TO
HAVE AN
ABORTION?
I COULD DO
WITHOUT THAT.

The reproductive rights framework—almost entirely focused on pro-choice—alienates many women of color in its assumption that women do not face reproductive threats outside of anti-abortion laws. Kimala Price's article "What is Reproductive Justice? How Women of Color are Redefining the Pro-Choice Paradigm" articulates the ways that women of color are at risk for a slew of reproductive threats that white women might never have to think about—such as the fact that their children will face the constant risk of death or injury by police brutality. Reproductive rights, or pro-choice politics, are comparable to gay marriage legislation and affirmative action: the left wants us to see these efforts as progress, small wins within a corrupt system. But what happens to our collective sense of agency when we ask for such small allowances from the state and choose to ignore deeper, more foundational issues in order to gain them?

We need a framework for sustainable, anarcha-feminist protest—protest that starts at the roots and sticks to the roots. I think that this kind of protest has to be grounded in our emotions, and I also think that our emotions must be expressed in the collective in order for them to move us where we need to be moved. For me, and maybe for you too, the first step will be to get in touch with my anger. I mentioned the jeans not fitting, the hormones getting fucked by Loestrin, the early-morning skatepark meltdowns and the frequently teary sexual encounters—tips of the iceberg, and I don't list them here so that you will feel bad for me, or so that I can feel bad for myself about being a girl. I list them here because they help me remember my rage. And remember that it all comes from the same source. I fucking hate that source.

I WANT AUTONOMOUS
HEALTH COLLECTIVES,
ANARCHISTS WOMEN'S
CIRCLES, ACCESS TO
DIY ABORTION INFO,
EDUCATION ON MY
NATURAL CYCLE, SELF-
DEFENSE CLASSES, MALE
ALLIES & MALE BIRTH
CONTROL OPTIONS,
HEALTHY SEX, A VILL-
AGE TO RAISE MY BABY

Maybe if I'm angry enough about the whole operation (ya know, the whole Amerika thing) then it will make it easier for us to be angry together. For some people, lack of access to abortion is the most pressing issue. For others it's rape culture, or police brutality, or fatphobia, or domestic abuse—the list goes on. Our struggles against each of these issues are made stronger through our ability to forge connections between them, and through that process, between ourselves.

To remember this rage every day—that is

ABORTION

By Maggie Singer

To fight back against the Supreme Court's ruling overturning *Roe v. Wade*, we can promote and distribute abortion pills and organize to help women travel to states where it's still legal — but we can't stop there. We need to describe and create the world we want, not just *react* to our opposition's latest move. We demand not just basic bodily autonomy for women but liberation in all aspects of our lives. The right-wing Christian nationalists who've sought to ban abortion for the last 50 years aren't satisfied with the *Dobbs* decision — they want abortion banned in all 50 states. They're planning federal legislation if and when they take state power and seeking another Supreme Court ruling defining fetuses as people.

We need to take these threats seriously and push back hard. The morality police have gone too far — let's use this outrageous decision to get organized so we come out stronger in the end. A big majority of the population supports abortion rights but changing course doesn't happen on its own — it needs your active participation. Struggles to decriminalize abortion succeeded in Mexico, Chile, Argentina and Ireland because of mass mobilization. January 20 and 21, 2023, pro-choice activists will be gathering to protest annual "march for life" events in Washington, DC, San Francisco and elsewhere where anti-*abortion activists will be celebrating* the overturning of Roe. See you there.

Beyond street protests, grassroots aid efforts are forming and ongoing. Poor and BIPOC communities are disproportionately impacted in states where abortion is now illegal, and so they need particular support.

Just because you live in a state where abortion is still currently legal doesn't mean everything's okay. As clinics have closed in dozens of states, the remaining clinics are dealing with overwhelming demand. Anti-abortion zealots are concentrating their threats and harassment on remaining clinics. Fake Pregnancy Resource Centers are stepping up efforts to spread confusion and misinformation to vulnerable women facing unplanned pregnancy. PRCs usually advertise free pregnancy tests and try to look like clinics by having ultrasound machines, staff in white coats and medical-sounding names. They are often located near real health centers. But because they aren't real clinics, they don't have to follow HIPAA to keep information private so they can pass their "patient" info along for future harassment.

Corporations are pouring money into PRCs, supported by state tax credits such as $3.5 million from Mississippi. Since PRCs are in almost every town coast-to-coast, they're a prime target for direct action near you.

Justice Thomas' concurrence in *Dobbs* questioned three cases (*Griswold*, *Lawrence*, and *Obergefell)* that legalized birth control, overturned sodomy laws and legalized same-sex marriage. Right-wing fanatics want to turn back the clock on the most personal and intimate subjects for millions of people, so we need to mobilize beyond just abortion rights.

Do you need an abortion?

Only 1 in 3 American know that if you're 11 weeks pregnant or less, you can take pills to have a safe, medical abortion - Plan C. Either Misoprostol alone or both mifepristone and misoprostol. Depending on how far along you are in your pregnancy, the abortion pill is 87-98% effective.

If it has been more than 11 weeks since the first day of your last period, you can have an in-clinic abortion to end your pregnancy.

While this list is far from complete, here are some national (US) resources that provide Plan C and/or in-clinic abortions:

- AidAccess - a bilingual website that provides online consultations to access an at-home abortion. aidaccess.org
- Bedsider Birth Control Support Network - information on birth control, sexual wellness, and abortion. bedsider.org
- Handbook for a Post-Roe America - along with a printed handbook you can order, this site also has a national map that lists local clinics, reproductive justice and rights groups, practical support and abortion funding groups. postroehandbook.com

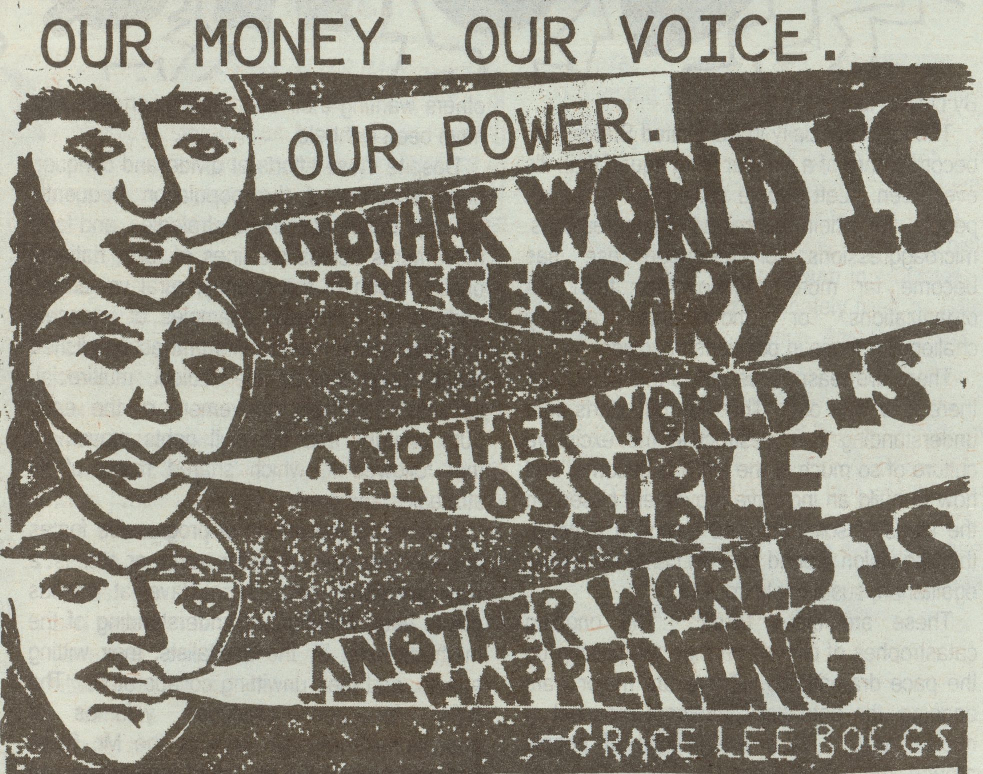
not going to be easy. No one is going to pay us to do it. But rage and resistance are two sides of the same coin, as are resistance and love, love and purpose… Going out to "protest" shouldn't feel like going out at all. It should feel like coming home. At home, you are allowed to feel everything that you feel. You are allowed to cry about those feelings or laugh about them or shout about them or write about them or organize about them. And as we embrace these feelings, as we react to them honestly, as we speak to each other about them and witness the uniqueness of each of our experiences, and then the overwhelming similarity—it is in these spaces that genuine protest evolves.

Fighting back against the Roe v. Wade reversal is so much deeper than an isolated response to a specific fuck up. Who wants Roe v. Wade, anyways? What is it—a decree signed by some Very Important Men saying I get to have an abortion? I could do without that. I want autonomous reproductive health collectives, anarchist women's circles, access to DIY abortion information, education on my natural cycle, self-defense classes, male allies and male birth control options, healthy sex, a village to raise my future baby, and the respect that I deserve for existing every day in this body. I want to catcall attractive men as I walk down the street, let them know that whatever they think they can do to me, I can do to them. But I won't. I won't. I want us all to be better.

***

You come home, take off your shoes. Peel off your jacket and close the door. But instead of stepping into the living room and leaving the day firmly behind you, maybe pause there for a moment, with your hand still on the doorknob. Turn it slowly. Step back outside into the cold sun. Do you feel your feet on the dirty sidewalk? Do you see the crows on the power line? What's for dinner? Your manager said something icky to you today. Maybe after you eat, your roommates will be in a snuggly mood, and you will all share a bottle of wine. Everything hurts, everything heals. Don't check out just yet. This is it—your life. This is the whole thing. It is important that you do not forget it is yours.

THE PEOPLE'S BUDGET INITIATIVE


OUR MONEY. OUR VOICE.
OUR POWER.
ANOTHER WORLD IS NECESSARY
ANOTHER WORLD IS POSSIBLE
ANOTHER WORLD IS HAPPENING
—GRACE LEE BOGGS

By Laila R. Makled

Doom. Existential dread. Powerlessness. These are words we come across everyday as we collect signatures for the People's Budget Initiative. In a perfect world, this initiative would allow the people of Oakland to vote on where our tax dollars go through neighborhood assemblies. But, folks are skeptical. Skeptical something like this could actually work. Skeptical to trust their neighbors. Skeptical to change the status quo. And honestly, who can blame them?

We know this distrust is bred, bred through propaganda manufactured by our elected officials to keep cops in the streets as the only way to keep us safe. In response to the murder of beloved community member Lili Xu in late August 2020, District 4 Supervisor Nate Miley said, "At this point the council needs to show more support for law enforcement and get the resources there." To our elected officials we ask: Why? Why is it that after every devastating event that involves gun violence, the answer is to put more cops on the street? Why do we keep putting more money towards things the community doesn't want, and that simply aren't working? Aren't you tired? Don't you want to try something different?

As it stands, it doesn't matter how many questions we have about why 47% of Oakland's budget goes to cops. Or, why less than 10% goes to libraries, parks and rec, violence prevention, housing, transportation and other city services…combined. It doesn't matter because at the end of the day eight city council members and one mayor have the power to decide where millions of dollars in Oakland go…in the words of Eqbal Ahmad, they are our elected democracy's guardians, and their violations are constant.

Gas prices are soaring, schools are closing, people can't afford rent, gun violence is increasing, and the city's response continues to be predictable: give more money to cops. What do you feel in your body when a cop is around? For us, we get nervous and scared. We feel small, powerless before the power they hold over us with their weapons and badge.

Now, we'd like to ask an opposing question: what do you feel in your body when you imagine things like ending food deserts, funding robust violence prevention programs, or having access to free mental and physical health care? What about affordable housing, well-funded schools, or clean drinking water? For us, it's pretty exciting. We feel warm, fuzzy, hopeful - like maybe there is a possibility for a better world.

So, ultimately, the People's Budget Initiative wants to give Oakland voters a chance at that choice. But, how do we trust our neighbors to make the same decisions? The truth is, there is no way to know how this will turn out. Maybe it will be worse. Maybe it will only be marginally better than before.

In spite of that, we want to try, which is why we got involved with Community Democracy Action. The only thing we can say for certain is that power being in the hands of a few is not working, and we want to believe we can enact structural change on a large scale. Maybe, just maybe, the People's Budget Initiative will fundamentally alter how democracy operates, and improve the lives of hundreds of thousands of people in the process.

And we've seen it work, here in Oakland and globally. We have been hosting mock neighborhood assemblies in Oakland, and running them as they would run if the initiative passed. At these assemblies, various city departments and community leaders have come together to discuss their current budget, and what they would do if they had access to more funds. At the end of the presentations, those in attendance vote on where the money goes. Communities, coming together, discussing their needs and getting a choice on how their tax dollars are spent. That's what the People's Budget Initiative is about. We know what we need, and it is not 9 people making decisions for hundreds of thousands of us.

Additionally, participatory budgeting has already been implemented in nearly 1,500 municipalities and institutions around the world! The first full participatory budgeting process for a city was implemented in 1989 in the city of Porto Alegre, Brazil. At the time, Porto Alegre had a population of 1.2 million (more than twice the population of Oakland). It was a resounding success – sewer and water connections increased from 75% of households in 1988 to 98% in 1997. The number of schools quadrupled since 1986. The health and education budget increased from 13% (1985) to almost 40% (1996). Imagine, a world where we can make the choice to put our tax dollars towards schools, clean water, and healthcare.

Community Democracy Organizer Silver Zahn writes, "I've always been resistant to city and state level of political engagement. Maybe it's because I believed I was too 'uneducated'. Or because I was too poor to take a break from working and struggling to get informed. I just know our system is fucked and we need community collective care to survive these exploitative capitalist structures. The work of dismantling ultimately lies in many different avenues. I don't know how this will turn out and its actual ability to create change, but I do know that by not engaging I automatically surrender power to the dominant stakeholders."

Will you dream with us? We can't do it without you. We still need 22,000 signatures out of 50,000. We are hiring signature collectors and volunteer recruiters. If you don't live in Oakland, there are participatory budget campaigns happening all over the country. Go to communitydemocracyproject.org or follow us at @cdpoakland to get plugged in. We look forward to continuing to build a better world with you.

Author info @push2exist, push2exist.net

RESOURCES

- Indigenous Women Rising Abortion Fund - specifically for Indigenous/Native American people in the US and Canada airtable.com/shrLw8oy9UTIPkpXv
- I Need An A - connects individuals to reproductive resources with an emphasis on privacy. ineedana.com
- National Abortion Federation – a directory of providers and funding. prochoice.org 1-800-772-9100
- National Latina Institute for Reproductive Justice - serving Latina/x individuals seeking reproductive healthcare. act.latinainstitute.org
- National Network of Abortion Funds - connects people to clinics and funding. abortionfunds.org
- Plan C Pills - provides information and a national (US) directory of where to find abortion pills. plancpills.com
- Planned Parenthood - the nation's largest women's healthcare provider. Provides pregnancy and STI testing, counseling, and reproductive healthcare for men and women. Plannedparenthood.org 1-800-230-PLAN

Abortion funds in the American South:

Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, South Carolina, and Tennessee: ARC Southeast arc-southeast.org (855) 227-2475

Arkansas: Arkansas Abortion Support Network www.arabortionsupport.org

Kentucky: A Fund, Inc. kyafund.org kyafund@gmail.com

Louisiana: New Orleans Abortion Fund Neworleansabortionfund 844.44.abort

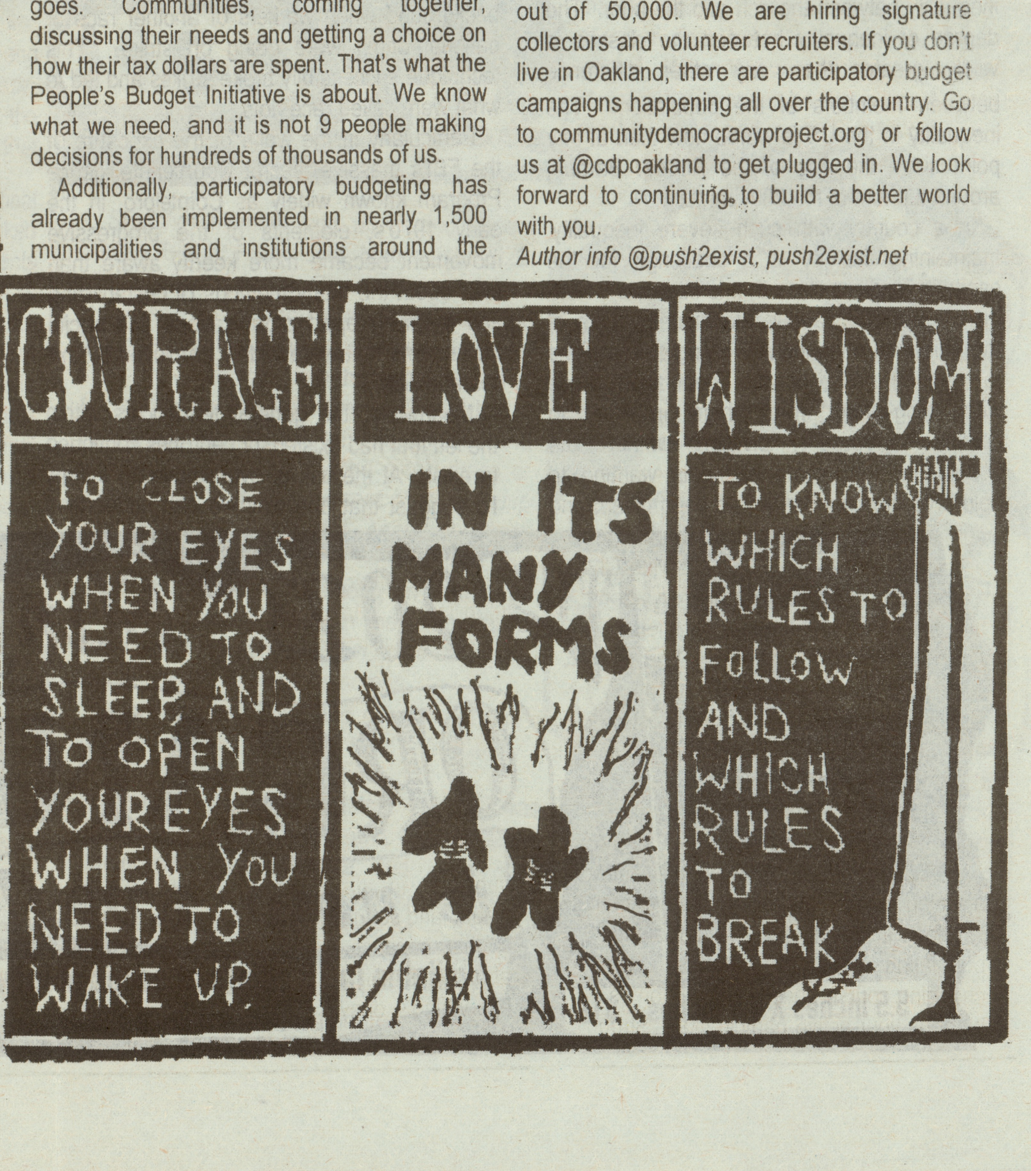
North and South Carolina: Carolina Abortion Fund carolinaabortionfund.org

Oklahoma: Roe Fund roefund.org (918) 481-6444 okrcrc@gmail.com

Texas: Avow and Lilith Fund needabortion.org

Virginia: Blue Ridge Abortion Fund blueridgeabortionfund.org 434-963-0669

West Virginia: Holler Health Justice hollerhealthjustice.org 833-465-5379


COURAGE
TO CLOSE YOUR EYES WHEN YOU NEED TO SLEEP, AND TO OPEN YOUR EYES WHEN YOU NEED TO WAKE UP.
LOVE
IN ITS MANY FORMS
WISDOM
TO KNOW WHICH RULES TO FOLLOW AND WHICH RULES TO BREAK

IF WE DIVIDE, THEY WILL CONQUER

By David Rovics

The left, especially in the United States, has become more of a circular firing squad than it's ever been. Left people calling out other left people for their perceived transgressions, microaggressions, or language use has become far more commonplace than left organizations or movements actually challenging those in positions of power.

There are reasons we got to this point, and there is a way out. The way out starts with understanding how destructive the exclusive culture of so much of the left has become, and how to build an inclusive movement based on the ideas of solidarity, and having a forward-thinking vision around how we can build a new, egalitarian, sustainable society.

These are bleak times. The ongoing catastrophes of climate change are picking up the pace dramatically. There are major wars ongoing, the potentially imminent prospect of nuclear war. There are billions of people around the world going hungry. The real wages of the average worker are falling fast as food and energy costs skyrocket, along with the prices of houses, mortgages, and rents. Far right politicians and parties are in the ascendancy in the US, Italy, France, Spain, Germany, Sweden, Hungary, India, Brazil, and many, many other places. Some elements of the population face particular forms of persecution and discrimination, due to factors like skin color, gender, and sexual orientation.

We are far from achieving an egalitarian society, where everyone has enough of all the good things in life, by virtue of being alive, not because they've managed to work two jobs and step over the dead bodies on the sidewalk [illegible] monthly rent for their moldy apartment.

The social movement inspired by the killing of George Floyd that was on the streets of the US throughout the summer of 2020 and beyond has at this point died a pretty horrible death. With so many of the best organizers across the country having been targeted by cancellation campaigns and rendered inert, leaving progressive networks and organizations paralyzed with an inability to function under the circumstances, it's a fairly obvious moment to take stock of the situation. How did we get here?

It's a complicated answer. The US is a country with an astounding degree of inequality between the rich and the poor. The degree of inequality between the classes is wildly greater than any other difference between members of the population. The inequality in the US is worse now than at any point since the Age of the Robber Barons, around the turn of the 20th century.

In a country with such severe inequality, maintaining stability is a challenge for the capitalist/landlord class that is in power. They have employed various techniques. One of the perennial ones include giving concessions to certain parts of the population while withholding them from others, in order to continually foment division within the population, with some elements wanting to hold onto the crumbs they've been given, and others wanting their share of the crumbs that have been withheld.

Despite these efforts at divide and conquer, huge sections of the population frequently manage to see past these strategies, and form movements across the lines of race, national origin, region of the country, rural vs. urban, and so on. Notable examples of intensely inclusive social movements that accomplished great things include the radical, multiracial, immigrant-led labor movement of the early 20th century, and the civil rights movement that followed it, which shared many of its strategies and goals.

In the ongoing efforts of progressive forces in society to make a better world, or at least a less miserable one, there have at various points been widespread understanding of the methods used by the capitalists, their witting agents, and their unwitting collaborators. The IWW, for one, produced volumes of educational materials such as the Mr. Block cartoon series in an effort to create an awareness among the ranks of the working class (of all backgrounds) about these methods of divide and conquer practiced by the oligarchs in charge.

The IWW recognized the vital importance of including all of the working class in their One Big Union. In so many cases for the first time, they welcomed people of color, women, and others who had so often been excluded from joining unions in the past. The bosses still used their favorite technique of hiring strikebreakers from a different race or national background when workers of another race or national origin were going on strike. This technique successfully broke strikes and led to what were called race riots.

Particularly in the wake of the exposure of the FBI's massive, secret Counterintelligence Program known widely as Cointelpro, in the early 1970's, elements of the progressive movement became more keenly aware than ever about the many methods of destabilizing and breaking apart organizations and social movements that were widely employed by the secret police.

Meanwhile, the general tendencies within the left that had existed for centuries continued to exist. At the risk of oversimplifying things, I'd suggest that one way we can understand two major tendencies that have long been a big part of the left around the world might be to look at how some movements, groups, and individuals orient towards a more narrow definition of common interests, or a broader definition -- a more exclusive definition or a more inclusive one.

The civil rights movement of the 1950's and 1960's also broadly recognized how race had been used as a tool for division. Bayard Rustin, Martin Luther King, Jr., and so many other leaders of the movement deeply understand the importance of leading a movement that sought the betterment of the entire working class. Typical of MLK's thinking, when he was shot to death he was about to lead a massive march on Washington called the Poor People's March, that explicitly was to include poor people from all backgrounds.

Later, at the end of the 20th century, the global justice movement that arose in response to the wildly growing divide between the rich and the poor both within the US and around the world recognized how the interests of the labor movement and the interests of the environmental movement were being systematically used as a tool of divide and rule, and this movement went about different ways to unite "Teamsters and turtles."

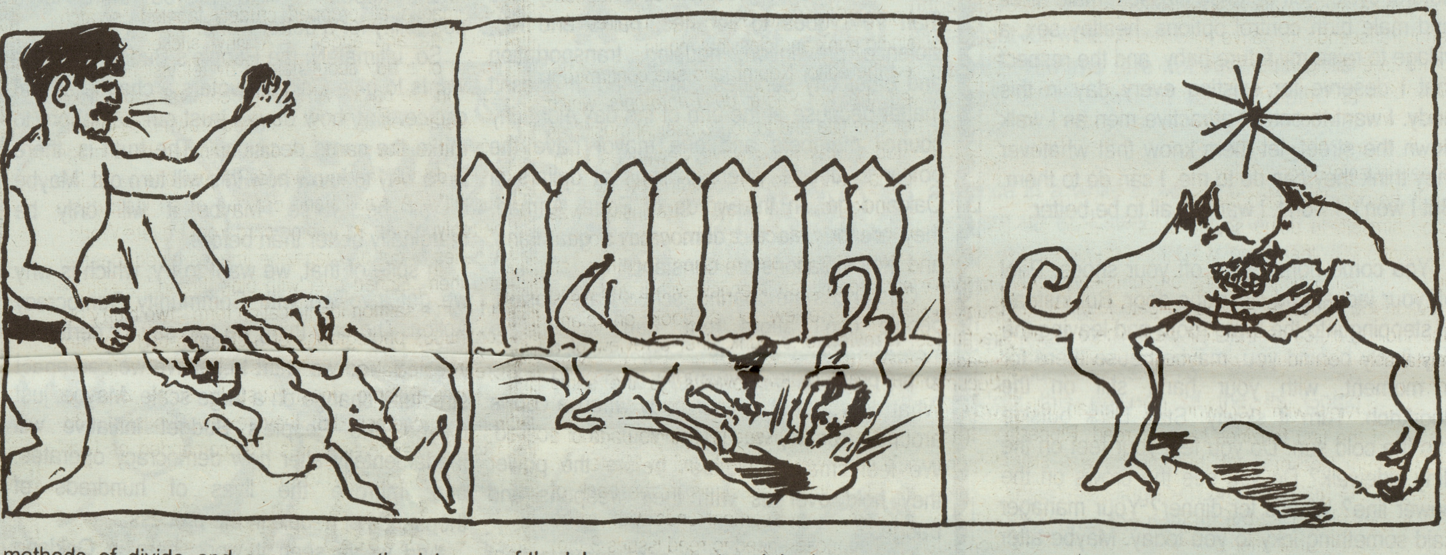
But there has also long been the more exclusive left tendencies. If they didn't exist, Cointelpro makes very clear, they would have been manufactured -- and in many cases, they were. If they didn't exist, the corporate-controlled media would give us the exclusive narrative, and assign it to groups and individuals, hoping it sticks.

The corporate media rarely mentions the existence of a working class that has broadly common interests, such as housing, health care, education, jobs, a clean and sustainable environment, etc. Rather, it prefers to focus on all the different ways society is divided, other than by class. If class enters the picture, it's only in the context of race, gender, sexual orientation, or disability.

This is a divide and conquer technique on the part of the corporate media and the class that owns the corporate media (the ruling class). And it's one that many, many people in our society have enthusiastically participated in, thinking that by talking about how oppressed they are and how privileged other people are, they will hopefully eventually advance the interests of the marginalized group(s) they identify with.

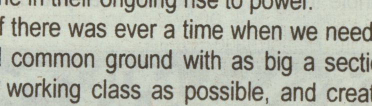
To my knowledge, it's a tactic that has historically failed dramatically, and is doing so again now. With the advent of "social media," the capacity for social movements, and society in general, to become sectarian, polarized, antagonistic, and otherwise broken, is multiplied. As well-intentioned as so many people calling for the liberation of different marginalized groups are, with the help of highly selective corporate media coverage and narrative-creating, along with extremely destructive social media algorithms that are designed to foment conflict, all we're really left with is a circular firing squad, and no one is left standing, except for the ruling class, who no one in the squad seemed to be aiming for.

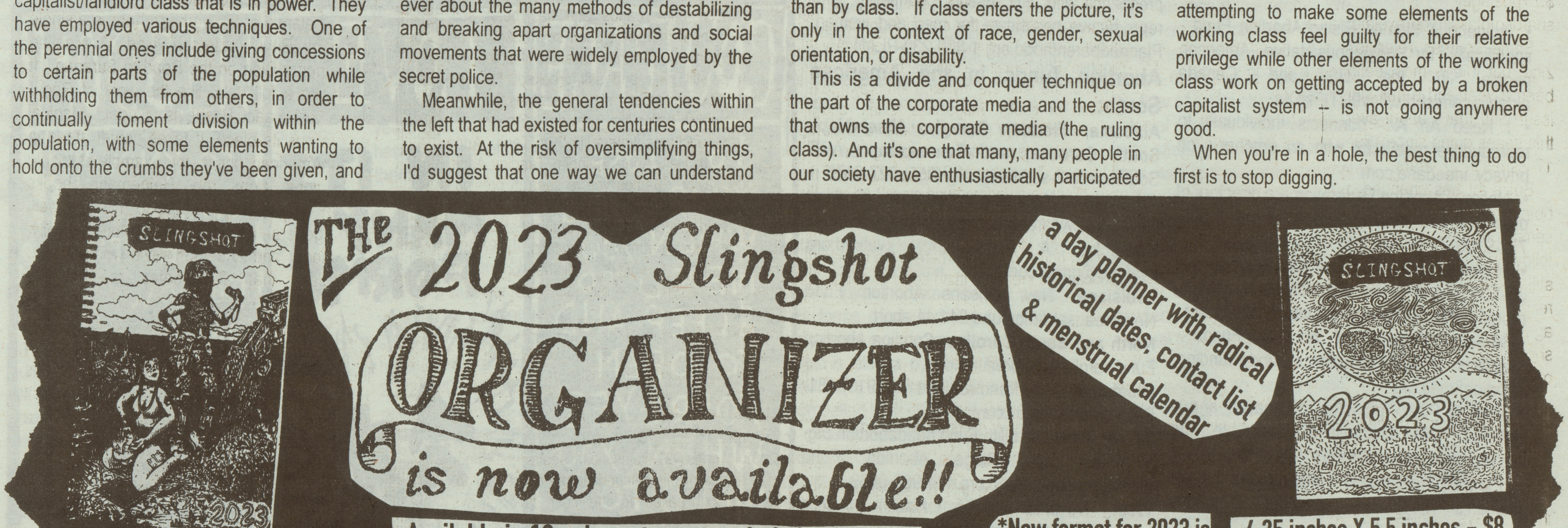
It is clear that our movement is broken. The liberals currently in power are failing to provide for the population, as usual, and the rightwing is using the failure of so-called liberal democracy (that is, capitalist pseudo-democracy) and the hopelessly divided band of identity-obsessed people shouting at each other that we once called the left as a stepping stone in their ongoing rise to power.



If there was ever a time when we needed to find common ground with as big a section of the working class as possible, and create an egalitarian society before the fascists take advantage of our society's divided state and destroy everything, that time is now. While the building of such a movement is an endlessly complex and challenging proposition, we can be sure that the path we're on -- the path of trying to build a movement that's based on attempting to make some elements of the working class feel guilty for their relative privilege while other elements of the working class work on getting accepted by a broken capitalist system -- is not going anywhere good.

When you're in a hole, the best thing to do first is to stop digging.

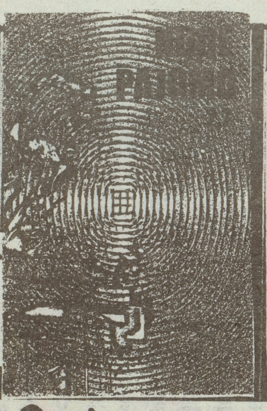



THE 2023 Slingshot
ORGANIZER
is now available!!
Available in 13 colors at coops at indy bookstores
List of stores at slingshotcollective.org
a day planner with radical historical dates, contact list & menstrual calendar
5.5 inches X 8.5 inches - $16
New format for 2023 is a pocket size organizer with a spiral binding - $12
4.25 inches X 5.5 inches - $8

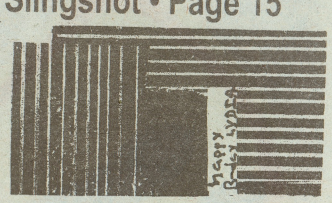
Zine Reviews

Reviews by Jose Fritz

You can do a lot with paper, sharpies and a long stapler: write, rant, scribble, edit, create, destroy, delete, crumple, burn and start again; or not and release your wildest, raw, unedited and untamed prose upon the outside world. Zines come to us in every state: pulp or polished, poetry or prose, fiction or farce—we don't discriminate. Here's some of the latest zines we've read:



KAREN KIRCHHOFF



Dynamite Hemorrhage

Issue #10 - $7 dynamitehemorrhage.com/

Dynamite Hemorrhage is not just a zine, it's also a podcast. While we're only up to issue 10 of the zine, the podcast is currently on episode number 192. The big round, pear-shaped numbers suggest that it is about 20 times as easy to crank out a podcast as a radio show. (Having done both... I can confirm that is the case.)

But put that thought aside, focus on their journey deep into the underground; down into the basement, down the stairs into the boiler room, and climb down the access hatch into the dank unlit tunnels below the city from whence all indie rock originates: in darkness, and obscurity. In the void it was amorphous and existed without shape and form until the day it is borne into the daylight. The act of writing about indie rock makes it real. That's when it transcends its native media. Until then, it is another tree falling in the forest.

The best part of Dynamite Hemorrhage is that Hinman writes whatever he wants. If he wants to write 8 pages about back issues of the 1980s Michael Koenig/Byron Coley hardcore punk zine Take It; he can. He's also the editor, he's not going to stop himself. In doing so, he contributes to the punk cannon in the same way that Koenig and Coley did Their original writings on commerce and art rock in the 1980s reflect the obligate foundation of the indie rock ethos that followed. There is an unmistakable continuity of thought, style and ideology.

In an interview with Rockwrit, Jay Hinman tells the story of the first fanzines he ever read: Ripper and Maximum Rocknroll. At the time he was still listening to the Maximum Rocknroll radio show on KPFA in Berkeley, CA. But unlike many zinesters today, he waited until after college to start his first zine. That one-man operation, Superdope, was started back in 1991. That series ended in 1998 and Dynamite Hemorrhage began in 2013. Those were dark years in the tunnels without the words of Hinman. We don't talk about it anymore, we're just glad he's back.

Dynamite Hemorrhage remains wholly devoted to only the most raw and unpolished underground rock and roll. You can tell from the first sentence of the first record review on the first page that it's going to blow your mind. It opens with the words, "Some of it is not even music." I want that carved on my gravestone.

Shards of Glass In your Eye

$3 +postage

shardsofglassinyoureye@gmail.com

Some sources refer to this as a comedy zine, but this is most definitely a perzine. It's been a year and a half since Kari Tervo's last issue and that's about average. She has kept this series going since 1995, that's a good run; 17 issues in 27 years.

But a lot has changed over those decades both for Ms. Tervo and for the rest of us. The sensation here is like watching a film that follows a long-running TV series. The writing is still good, but the actors have grown up. You recognize most of the faces, but we've all aged: crows feet, gray hair, comfortable shoes... Change is an inevitable consequence of life.

So you find your expectations are incongruous with that new reality. Kari can still go to the rave if she wants to. But on the third day she might need a nap back at the tent. You cant' tell me that it's any different for you these days. She's not quite so snarky anymore, but she's still very silly in an endearing way, just like your own friends; the ones you first met back in the 1990s.

RITE OR RIOT?
SEPTEMBER 2022
ISSUE #19

Rite or Riot

Issues #15 & 17 Naomistine28@gmail.com

I am a music geek, a reader of music zines, musician biographies and genre histories. So when I saw the name of this zine I understood the reference immediately. The name of the zine comes from an infamous 1913 performance of Igor Stravinsky's "The Rite of Spring" which degenerated into a riot: fights in the audience, objects thrown at the ballet dancers, shouting, fighting and rending of garments—total pandemonium. Many books have retold the story. But it's that event which juxtaposes the two words "Rite" and "Riot" and inspired this zine combining punk and classical music.

I emailed the editor Naomi, and she confirmed it was indeed the *Le Sacre du Printempts* which inspired her zine title and topic. "Classical music" as we call it today was not always viewed as prim, proper, formal and stodgy. Compared to the chamber music of the day, Stravinsky was outlandish and utterly radical; and he wasn't alone.

So the two genres are mashed together, an interview with a cellist, an interview with a 2nd wave punk vocalist, a review of a book on piano technique, a review of a punk zine, a review of a heady foreign film, a review of a D.C. punk documentary... the record reviews go the same way.

The last page of each issue is a single page of a lengthy, multi-part interview of Naomi by Kristen M. Zoom. Part 13 of the interview is in the back of issue 17 and even that segment ends with "to be continued..." I suppose I need to read issues 3 thru 12 to get more of the backstory about how this rogue punk pianist turned into a rogue zinestress. May the mystery endure.

From Staple to Spine- A compendium of Zine-Related Books

(2022 Ed.) $2 stapletospine.wixsite.com/about

How very meta: this is a zine review about a zine which is about books about zines. With thanks to editor A.J. Michel, we are deep inside the ouroboros today. You may better know her name from Xerography Debt, but back in 2015 she also edited the zine *Unrecommended Reading*, a genuinely hilarious metazine that reviewed exclusively bad books. Her commitment to the metazine format is unique in our universe, and special to me personally as a bibliophile. She remains a national treasure.

As a relic of the print era myself, I am drawn to the exposition of books, magazines, zines, and other print ephemera. For me *From Staple to Spine* constitutes nothing less than a shopping list of must-read books. Ten years of British punk zines? Yes please. Hippie era underground press? A Punk Planet collection? The complete Noise For Heroes? Where do you even start?

It took a few hours, but somewhere in the bowels of my hippocampus I realized that I could contribute to future editions of From *Staple to Spine.* I checked the "I" section. There were only three entries: *Inconspicuous Consumption*, and both editions of the *It's alright* Truckface Anthology. I went to my personal archive and pulled out *I Shout "That's Me!.* A history of selected Czech zines from the 1980s. I typed out the standard MLA details and fired off a love note to syndprod@gmail.com. We can all be part of the source code.

My highest hope is that this project grows to become a book in its own right: A compendium of zines, about books about zines. Then I can write a book review in a zine about a book collecting a series of books about zines. May the circle grow ever wider.

Node Pajomo 2.7

$1 by Mail PO Box 2632, Ballingham, WA 98227

It only took three paragraphs into the first page of this issue of Node Pajomo to explain the premise. "In the Spirit of Global Mail and Fact Sheet 5..." Those are two enormously influential zines to call out as influences. Fact Sheet 5 was published by Mike Gunderloy in 1982 on a ditto machine cranking out collage and reviews. Global Mail started back in 1993 with Ashley Parker Owens editing reviews, articles and mail art into a publication that was at one time, about the size and format of Slingshot. Be there no doubt, Node Pajomo fits the bill.

The bulk of the content is zine reviews, succinct, fair and direct and by the hundreds. There are zines on every conceivable topic: extreme metal, French metal, poetry, police violence, innumerable perzines, communal living, UK punk, life in Sweden, collage, photography, playing cards, dictionary appreciation, writing prompts, bus tickets, dadaism, anarchism, surrealism, existentialism, zine reviews, podcast reviews, candy reviews, magik, devo, pulp adverts and did I mention mail art? Oh yes.

The listings are at the back but the mail art overflows the zine itself. The envelope it came in was stuffed with a literal confetti of ephemera: Four red images all cropped crudely labeled "scratch, test, zeta and adden" - A vinyl sticker with an image of a boy scout haloed by televisions with a note on the back - An orange carnival game ticket hand stamped "ADIOS" - A hand drawn face looking left, cut out by hand - A date stamped blue image on cardstock reading "Mailart is just one word like bullshit" - A small hand drawing of an inscrutable petroglyph - An art trading card from Private World - A series of cut up magazine images glued together and then stitched over with pink thread - a square cut from a salmon identification form - two blurry but continuous photographs of a statue taped together asymmetrically, an ad for the Eternal Darkness Creations catalog... and that's not even all.

Node Pajomo doesn't usually score zines or render judgement but they review Slingshot 133-134 with the three words "Reccomended as fuck" which is all you need to know.

Behind the Zines

$3 - 40 pages etsy.com/shop/iknowbilly

One thing you can appreciate about zine culture is that it has never become locked into the nostalgia cycle. Unlike other aesthetics, which have collapsed into self-parody, zines persevere. Each individual zinester, every mimeograph, xerox, risograph and austere hand-drawn squiggle remains true to the format's origins. The trajectory isn't toward mockery or parody, instead it seems to be toward archivism and academic analysis: zines that examine zine culture. In short— it's getting really meta in here.

To that end, you have to appreciate the bibliography of Billy McCall. He's now a published novelist. His perzine 'Proof I exist' has been running for over 20 years and is collected at multiple university libraries. That kind of academic and/or professional acceptance may feel good in the moment but it's also awkward in light of the medium's DIY roots. It forces the format to confront the dreaded "L" word... legitimacy.

Billy McCall straddles both worlds, he's been in a half a dozen punk bands and has been self-publishing longer than he's been self-recording his own country music. Country music? Yes, but his mohawk is still pink and still crooked. His DIY resume is above reproach so he becomes the ideal person to publish a zine like Behind the Zines.

This issue includes writers like Kari Tervo, Anna Jo Beck, Keith Helt, Anna Sellheim, Bradley Adita, and Todd Taylor... names you've seen in previous issues and often in other zines. This issue includes a really solid history of zine publication, comic articles on the zine-making process, a serious column about online distribution and autobiographical articles about both Razorcake and Junk Drawer.

Behind the Zines makes a great companion to zines like Broken Pencil and Xerography Debt. The biannual publication is so consistent that they offer a subscription. Only 13 issues in, and Behind the Zines already needs a compendium of its own.

spray paint on spray paint, dusty mattresses with concentric rings of stains, car seats on cinder blocks, stacks of mismatched drums to the ceiling, scraps of 2x4 nailed to the floor, and always christmas tree lights. I can even remember that particular melange of smells... sweat, stale beer, mold and that faint tang of urine. But the memories are all good... I assure you.

In the basement: Punk music Spaces

brownowlpress.com $7 - 32 pages

If you are anything like me, these images sweat gravitas. Put emphasis on the word *sweat* there. Imagine rivulets of dank, salty water condensing from the breath of a hundred people on old latex paint, running down the walls, leaving trails in the grease and dirt, illuminated by yellowed flickering fluorescent bulbs... that kind of sweat. If you haven't remembered the smell by now. You just haven't been there.

The images in *In the Basement* are a series of large format camera photographs of empty punk music spaces; no bands, no crowds. These are usually community spaces, political organizing spaces, art spaces, and safe spaces. Pretty much anyone reading this review has been in one of these places.

I emailed the author Karen Kirchhoff to ask her thoughts and she responded very thoughtfully on both the substance and the transience of these kinds of performance spaces.

"Generally photographs of punk are focused on the people who make punk. Often the photos are of live music, made using a 35mm hand held camera. The large format photography I used for this series is a slow process using a cumbersome camera. The photos have a planned quality that is counter to the spontaneous images made by a hand held portable camera. Small format cameras are perfect for capturing the energy of the punk scene while my images admire the quieter moments in between the chaos. My photos are an appreciation of the places where punk happens."

Every image evokes a memory: the gritty cement floor, frayed scrap carpet, flaking paint, speakers mounted to the rafters with orange tie down straps... danging, shreds of duct tape on linoleum, spray paint over wallpaper, spray paint over latex paint, spray paint on spray paint, dusty mattresses with concentric rings of stains, car seats on cinder blocks, stacks of mismatched drums to the ceiling, scraps of 2x4 nailed to the floor, and always particular melange of smells... sweat, stale beer, mold and that faint tang of urine. But the memories are all good... I assure you.

Fire Art & Style

Free at select infoshops

grinning_kitten@protonmail.com

tumblr.com/blog/view/fireartandstylezine

This is a self-described anti-capitalist art and style zine. The duotone cover is a nice piece of collage either piercing together cut ups or digitally imitating that classic aesthetic. Parts of newspaper and magazine headlines crash into images of suits shaking hands, pedestrians and art of uncertain origin. Ronathan and Multi contribute art and comics which help round out a zine otherwise monopolized by the voices of Lenin and Rhys.

Lenin Downunder opens with a riff on cooperation between Anarchists and Socialists. It's serious and he backs up his arguments with multiple historical references. I've read articles like this elsewhere previously. It's not breaking new ground but it's a good, concise, well-ordered piece.

The balance of the verbage here is a single article by Rhys Anderson titled "A Meeting With Hungry Djen on the Road to Suranaq." It reads like a folk tale, like the work of Raouf Mama .or Isaac Bashevis Singer. Magical realism has its place. It takes center stage in South American fiction for example. Multiple publications from the Heinemann books African Writers Series come to mind as well. But in general, it's not my bag. More critically, Downunder and Anderson's two works are so dissimilar, that it creates a palpable dissonance in this issue.

Setting aside that central conflict in this specific issue, I appreciate their model. On their Tumblr they proudly announce "...this zine operates at a loss because we don't charge for it and we pay our writers." They are paying for art, paying for writing and then publishing those works in a free zine. They're flipping the literary journal model on its head. Then just for the lulz they set the rate so that one picture is equal to 1,000 words. At least they have a sense of humor.

Finding the commons

Are you looking for a DIY underground music festival hidden in an abandoned army fort accessible only by boat? Us too! It's word of mouth only — not promoted on-line since there's no permits. If you wanna go, you'll have to get to know some of the folks at your local all-ages venue, artists warehouse, free store, or radical library. Those who value joy and freedom more than the conformity and monotony of the rat race are coming together to make our own reality — and we want you here with us. Here's some new spaces we've heard about as well as updates to the Radical Contact List in the 2023 Slingshot organizer. Please let us know if you hear about spaces we should include. There's even more info on-line at slingshotcollective.org.

Rhizome House – Cleveland, OH

A new radical social center. 2174 Lee Road Cleveland Heights, OH 44118 rhizomehouse.org

Paperhand Puppet Intervention - Saxapahaw, NC

They put on social change-promoting giant puppet shows similar to Bread & Puppet. 6079 Saxapahaw Swepsonville Rd. Saxapahaw. NC 27340 919-923-1857 paperhand.org

Three Nations Market – Ajo, AZ

A non-profit maker space and market with a tool Library to promote upcycling and crafts. 20 West Brisa Street, Ajo, AZ 85321 520-270-2185 3nations.business.site

Humanitarian Aid Office – Ajo, AZ

The Ajo Samaritans provide humanitarian aid like water in the US/Mexico borderlands. "We also engage with our community and collaborative groups to raise awareness of the systemic causes of death and suffering of travelers near the US/Mexico border." The Aid office is open open Fridays and Saturdays 9am to noon. 321 N Taladro Street, Ajo, AZ 85321 ajosamaritans.com

PLAC - Ljubljana, Slovenia

An autonomous zone in a squatted, abandoned cafeteria that features weekly vegan diners, a library, lectures, musical and theatre performances, aikido and ju-jitsu practice. PLAC means place and is short for Participatory Autonomous Zone of Ljubljana. 43 Linhartova Street, behind Bežigrad.

Biblio>media:take – Vienna, Austria

A bookshop and library that presents workshops and classes. The previously mobile infoshop now has a permanent location at culturenter 4lthangrund - open when there are events. Augasse 2-6, 1090 Wien, Austria. infoladen.kukuma.org, 4lthangrund.jetzt

Lots of spaces in France

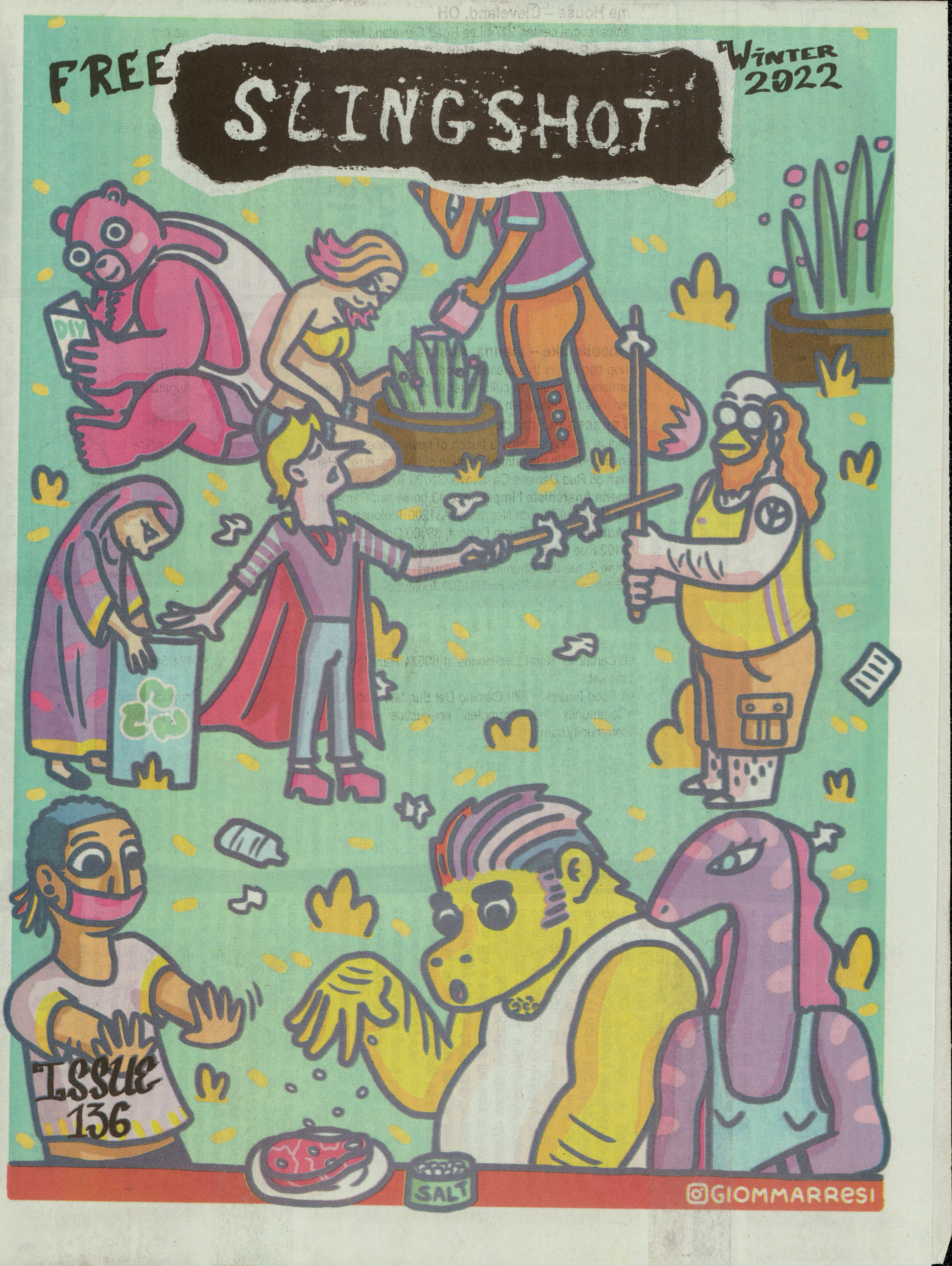
Our contact in France emailed a bunch of new spaces there, but narrowly missed the deadline to have them included in the printed version of the organizer. Here they are:

- **Le Kiosk** 36 Rue Danielle Casanova, 31000 Toulouse
- **Imprimerie Anarchiste l'Impatience** 43 boulevard Pardigon, 13004 Marseille
- **Le Chat Noir** 124 Rue de Negreneys, 31200 Toulouse
- **Lokal Autogéré** 7 Rue Pierre Dupont, 38000 Grenoble
- **le 102** 102 Rue d'Alembert, 38000 Grenoble
- **la Turbine** 3, rue des Cheminots, Toulouse
- **Local Piquemil** 6 Rue Piquemil 31300 Toulouse

Corrections to the 2023 Organizer

- We left South Bend Commons at 1799 Lakewood Terrace SE, Atlanta, GA 30315 off the list but they still exist.
- We left Center for Rural Livelihoods at 80574 Hazelton Rd. Cottage Grove, OR 97424 541-942-8198 off the list.
- We left Food Forest at 889 Camino Del Sur, Isla Vista, CA 93117 off the list. Its a project of the ecoVistaCommunity that promotes eco-justice with a zine and a bunch of projects. ecovistacommunity.com

SAVE
Omni
Commons


FREE

SLINGSHOT

Winter 2022

Issue 136